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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 9. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GLIMPSES OF MEXICO.

Obtained From the Note Book of a Traveling Correspondent.

The Ride From Chihuahua to Carizal and Thence to the Rio Grande.

A Serious Stage-Coach Accident—The Colonel and the Padre—A Ludicrous Controversy.

[*For The Citizen.*]

Near Carrizal, in the early morning of April 6, our driver halted to drink mescal with some laborers at work on a new building. He got drunk, lost control of the mules, and they ran away, upsetting the diligencia on a bunch of soap weed. I was half asleep at the time, and had hardly realized the situation when I was knocked senseless, my left templar region coming in contact with the iron cross bar of the coach window, the "overland" having turned over on its left side. The mules, in their flight, dragged the vehicle a couple of hundred yards, and finally detached the body from the truck. In the end, they snapped the tongue and harness, and ran many miles before they were overhauled by mounted men.

The officers and the cattle monarch scrambled out of the wrecked vehicle as rapidly as possible, leaving me in the debris, temporarily oblivious to the subsequent proceedings. The drunken driver was badly shaken up, and worse scared, and the El Paso merchant sustained injuries from which, I believe, he never recovered.

When I regained consciousness, I found myself being taken from the upset vehicle by the Mexican warriors. Capt. Villegas poured most of the contents of a bottle containing brandy on my bruised temple. My forehead was bleeding copiously from a wound inflicted by the hammer of the Colonel's gun, which had been flung against me in the fall, cutting me to the bone; and, taken altogether, I was a very broken up specimen of the human race.

I motioned to Villegas to cease pouring the brandy on the outside, and to try the virtue of some of it on me interiorally, which he did, with magical effect. I have suffered more or less ever since from the result of that accident, and, for weeks after it occurred, my head would reel and my stomach grow sick. The army surgeon at Fort Bliss told me subsequently that I had a narrow escape from being killed outright.

It took us several hours to procure a new "rig," and, as we were obliged to leave our wounded El Paso friend behind, we took on a new passenger in the shape of a padre, who was attired in a peculiar, old fashioned costume. He was a mild, gentlemanly man, and the cattle king gave him his seat, himself preferring to ride outside. The soldiers and the padre soon got into a controversy—the Mexican officers and the clergy are more or less antagonistic—in which the priest evidently got the upper hand, and appeared to enjoy his triumph.

Suddenly Col. Gonzales bent forward, plucked something from the padre's sleeve, and, with a shout of exultant laughter, held his "find" up to view.

It was a single long, black hair from a woman's head!

The priest's dark face flushed with anger, as he exclaimed in Spanish:

"Respect God's minister, if you are soldiers and not brigands!"

The Colonel immediately apologized, and peace was restored.

The good padre, after his wrath had subsided, explained laughingly that he had been hearing confessions that morning—they don't have confessionals in rural Mexico, the penitents kneeling close to the priest—and in this way, no doubt, the *cabello* happened to adhere to his sleeve. "I know," he continued, "it is not my housekeeper's, because her hair is as white as the snow on Popocatapetl's peak."

At the next station, Ojo Lucero, I think, the clergyman left us—giving me a cordial hand shake, for the reason, I suppose, that I was a stranger in the land.

"Adios, Senor," he said in Spanish, and added, with a sly glance at the officers, "look out for your throat."

They took the cut in good part and wished the padre long life and plenty of fair penitents.

The people at this place seemed to be seriously alarmed and warned the driver not to take the "bad lands" road, as the Apaches were lurking there in force. Accordingly, he diverged toward the Rio Grande, and, in the early afternoon of the 8th, we reached the pueblita of Guadaloupe, which we found in consternation, because seven people had been massacred within a few miles of it the preceding day. However, we pressed on, following the winding river bottom, and, before many hours, came within sight of the range of hills, deeply cleft by the hand of nature, to make "the Pass of the North." Dimly, to our right and front, across the Rio Grande, over the commandant's quarters at Fort Bliss, I could discern through my glass the broad banner of America, with the dark square of the Union in the upper corner near the staff.

"There is the flag of your country," said Capt. Villegas.

"Yes," I responded, "and I fail to remember when I have beheld it with greater satisfaction."

An hour later we were rolling over the pavements of El Paso del Norte—now Ciudad Juarez—and came to a halt at the fonda. I took a parting glass of wine with the officers, and, within a few minutes, crossed the Rio Geande, which was at low water, in a wagon, the yellow flood just reaching the hubs of the wheels.

The heat was intense, and under the trees that grew along the lanes of Fort Bliss, groups of Uncle Sam's blue bloused infantrymen were sitting and lounging, some smoking, others reading, and not a few playing dominoes.

I made myself known to the officers, who received me kindly, although my appearance, with black eyes and broken nose, resulting from the accident to the "overland," was anything but prepossessing. I remember little of Fort Bliss beyond the multitude of its dogs, whose barking, snarling and yelping kept me from sleep through most of that sultry night.

Senor Muller had put me in communication with a German merchant in the village of Franklin, or El Paso, as it was then more generally called, and from him I learned the day after my arrival, that the buckboard, carrying the mails, would be along about 11 o'clock that night. "You will be the only passenger to Mesilla," said he. "The Indians are pretty bad along the Rio Grande valley just now, and travelers are scarce in these parts."

The evening came on dark and sultry, and, just as I was beginning to think that the buckboard had missed its way, there came a sound of wheels and hoofs, and it was driven up to take in the mail bags. The gloom prevented me seeing much of the driver's personnel, but I climbed into the vehicle without delay, the merchant bade me bon voyage and we were on the road. We proceeded for some time in silence, when the baying of a coyote down by the river bank seemed to arouse my companion, and he broke into conversation, chiefly in regard to the class of people who inhabited the frontier, and the terrors of Indian warfare. We were passing old Fort Fillmore when day broke, and, for the first time, although we had changed horses once at a wayside ranch, the driver and I had a good look at each other. The Mexican serape and broad brimmed hat I wore, my battered countenance and truculent looking belt and revolver—all frontier travelers carried them openly at that period—seemed to impress him, and he forthwith proceeded to investigate me. He was a young man, not over learned, but fairly intelligent. After cross-examining and scrutinizing me for a considerable time he asked, in substance—

"Who have you been after over the river?"

I said "Nobody-"

"Oh, yes," he said, "you have. You are one of the Pinkerton detectives. I have seen 'em down this way before. Did you get your man?"

"My friend," faid I, "you are mistaken. I came from over the river—far over the river, indeed—all the way from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and from the City this far; but I am not a Pinkerton man, nor am I after horse thieves or other doers of evil."

He seemed quite anxious, as if he dreaded I might really be what he suspected, but I soon dispelled his fears by telling him who and what I was.

Then he became friendly and communicative, and told me of a number of bad men who frequented the region through which we were traveling. Nearly every one of them had a history, and, indeed, Donna Ana and Lincoln counties, to the former of which Mesilla belonged, were then famous, or rather infamous, for their crimes.

"It's rarely that a man dies with his boots off around these diggin's," said the driver. "Up there in Lincoln county, there's a man killed, sure, every day, and whoever is appointed deputy marshal or deputy sheriff has his coffin ordered in advance if he's a far seein' man. Then the bloody Apaches break out every once in a while, so that a man in my position has to keep a sharp lookout all the time."

He took a good long pull at a whisky flask, as he said this, and, as the morning began to grow foggy and chilly, I followed his inspiriting, if not edifying, example.

At about 7 o'clock we entered the quaint, dingy old town of Mesilla, and put up at a hostelry in every way proportioned to the appearance of the place. I was then informed that I would have to wait until next morning for the regular "coach" to Fort MacRae and Albuquerque. There was quite an Indian scare at the time, as stock had been run off and settlers murdered further up the valley of the Rio Grande, and a number of the young men of the town, among whom was a fine looking fellow named "Bill" Jones, were concocting measures for defense, or attack, as circumstances might call for. Mr. Jones informed me that the Indians were particularly vicious along the stage road, and that they gave no rest to the peaceable Pueblo tribe who cultivated most of the farms I had observed in the neighborhood of the town. Poor Jones! Very soon after, while heading a company of militia, which he had raised to combat the Apaches, he was shot through the heart, but his body was rescued by his men, who bravely avenged his fall. Yet the savage raiders were not suppressed in that, or in the following year, and nearly every mile of that fertile valley was marked by some bloody deed, before the genius of Crook and the energy of Miles finally prevailed over the craft and cruelty of the treacherous foe.

Mesilla boasts one of the oldest, and ugliest, churches on this continent. It was founded in the earliest years of the Spanish conquest, and is as gloomy and ghostly a pile as can well be conceived by the human mind. The sacred paintings are so old, and so begrimed with smoke and dust, that nobody will dispute their claim to be inventoried in the class of "Old Masters." In the neighborhood of Mesilla the singular sect known as Penitentes, who chastised themselves with scourges, after the fashion of Henry Plantagenet at the tomb of St. Thomas a' Becket, used to flourish; and I was regaled by Capt. Jones, and the landlord, with many stories of their peculiar exercises and painful atonements. I may say, in passing, that all the self-inflicted torments they endured could hardly balance the account of crime laid up to the charge of the unrepentant of that region.

Mesilla is a centre of vineyards which produce some of the most pleasant-tasting grapes to be found in the New World. The wine produced from them is generally called "Coahuila," and is a favorite table beverage in Old Mexico, and all along the Rio Grande frontier.

A big man from Santa Fe, who was stopping at the hotel, informed me that he would be my fellow-passenger on the morrow. I was glad of this, because there is little pleasure in traveling over a long, hot, dusty road alone. Few men care to expose themselves to sunstroke on the box of a Rio Grande valley stagecoach, and, besides, many of the drivers were surly, taciturn fellows, who appeared to be brooding over former misdeeds that had forced them into so exposed and laborious a calling.

J. F. F.

MR. KILLELEA DEMANDS UNION.

Otherwise, He Says, Enthusiasm Will Be at a Low Ebb in Nashville.

[*To the Editor.*]

NASHVILLE, TENN., Feb. 26.—I take the liberty once more of asking space in THE CITIZEN for the publication of this letter. Mr. Gladstone has introduced his Home Rule bill, which is now before the house of commons. That bill will have a hard road to travel in the commons. Should it pass the house, the bill will go to the house of lords where it will meet with its death blow, and be rejected by the Col. Saunderson and the Balfour stripe of Tory lords. Of course, a general election will follow.

It would be to Ireland's interest to have the Irish Parliamentary party united. Will the divided sections do this? If they have the Irish cause at heart, as they should, the "wings" ought to unite at once, so that active work in the Irish movement in America would begin immediately. If it is not out of place I would like to impress upon the Irish Parliamentary party what had been done in the United States for the Home Rule cause, when they were united, and when appeals were made for financial aid to help them out in the general election. $500,000 was raised and sent to Ireland from the Irish National League convention, held in Chicago in 1881. Dr. O'Reilly, Treasurer of the League, also forwarded to Ireland $270,988.57, from August, 1886, to January, 1890, besides all the large sums that were otherwise raised in cities and throughout the country and sent to Ireland for the Irish cause. Since that unhappy division came upon Ireland, there has been no such sums sent from this country. Nashville has not sent as much as one dollar since the crisis, and will not, until unity is perfected by the union of both wings of the Irish party in Ireland.

The members of the Parnell Branch of Nashville are resting upon their arms, waiting until there is reconciliation in the Irish Parliamentary party, and when that unity is effected the branch will aid the Home Rule cause as they have in the past. Well, let the friends of Ireland in the United States view British misrule in Ireland. Eighty-seven coercion bills were passed since the act of union. Is it any wonder that the Irish people in Ireland and the world over should adopt the principles of the martyr-patriot Robert Emmet. I agree with THE CITIZEN, in its able editorial in a recent issue, that it behooves the Irish race the world over to unite and give its support to the Home Rule bill. It is somewhat better than the bill of 1886. The improvements in the new bill are numerous, but as Canada and Australia, during the past thirty years have progressed, so also have their governments improved, and, if Gladstone's Home Rule bill passes and the Irish people be true to themselves, Ireland will progress as other countries, under a better system of government, have done.

I do hope that THE CITIZEN will impress on the Irish Parliamentary party that it is necessary for both its wings to unite, if they want the full strength of the friends of Ireland in America to co-operate with them in their struggle for Home Rule. JAMES KILLELEA,
President Parnell Branch of the Irish National League of America.

Catholic Library Reception.

The Union Catholic Library Asssociawill give its ninth informal reception and musicale at the rooms of the association next Thursday evening, March 9. An enjoyable programme will be presented, including a paper by Mrs. Frances P. Sullivan, banjo solo by Mr. Joseph V. McGovern, recitations by Mr. Frank A. O'Donnell, vocal selections by Mrs. C. H. Bailey and Miss Margaret F. Sullivan, and a piano duet by the Misses Dunne.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Neglect of the hair often destroys its vitality and natural hue, and causes it to fall out. Before it is too late apply Hall's Hair Renewer, a sure remedy.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued).

O'Brien, Meagher, MacManus, and O'Donoghue were to have their trial before a special commission in Clonmel, Tipperary. On the details of these trials I need not dwell; because they were on the same pattern with other scenes of this same kind which I have narrated. The officials of the crown showed a stern, dogged determination to disregard every remonstrance, to refuse every application, and to do the work intrusted to them in the most coarse, insolent, and thorough-going style. For example, Mr. Whiteside, O'Brien's counsel, reminded the court "that, *in England*, persons charged with high treason are allowed a copy of the jurors' panel, and a list of the witnesses to be examined on the part of the crown." Take one extract from the report of the "trial:"—

"The learned counsel put it to the court whether Mr. O'Brien, under trial in a country said to be under the same government and laws as England, should not have the same privilege which he would enjoy as a matter of right, if he happened to be tried on the other side of the channel.

"The court decided *that the prisoner was not entitled to the privilege.*"

When the clerk read the names of the jury-panel, Mr. O'Brien of course challenged the array, on the ground of fraud; and, of course, the court ruled against him.

"Mr. Whiteside stated that it made little difference whether his client would be tried by a jury selected from a panel thus constituted, or taken and shot through the head on the high-road. No less than one hundred Catholics had been struck off the panel, and so few left on, that Mr. O'Brien's right to challenge was no whit better than a farce.

This objection was also overruled; Chief-Justice Blackburne having decided that the panel was properly made out.

O'Brien, whose mind was made up to meet any fate, stood in the dock during this nine days' trial, with a haughty calmness. What thoughts passed through that proud heart, as the odious game proceeded, no human eye will ever read: but of one thing I am sure.—his grief, shame, and indignation were not for himself, but for the down-trodden country, where such a scene could be enacted in the open day and against the will of nine-tenths of its inhabitants.

There was a verdict of guilty: and O'Brien slightly bowed to the jury. He was re-conducted to his prison, where he met Meagher, who eagerly sought to read the result in his face. But nothing is to be read there: it wears the same steady, cheerful smile as ever,—so cheerful that Meagher hopes for a moment that he brings good news. O'Brien presses his hand, merely saying, "*Guilty*," Meagher,—guilty! as we all are, of not having sold our country." The next morning he stands before the judge; is asked if he has anything to say why sentence should not pass; replies that he has nothing to say, save that his conscience is clear: that he has done only what was the duty of every Irishman; "and now," he adds, "proceed with your sentence."

Chief-Justice Blackburne puts on his black cap, which becomes him well. I give the precise words of the sentence:—

"That sentence is, that you, William Smith O'Brien, be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and be thence drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and be there hanged by the neck until you are dead; and that afterwards your head shall be severed from your body, and your body divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as her majesty shall think fit. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

O'Brien hears it unmoved as a statue: again inclines his head in a stately bow; politely takes leave of his counsel, and returns to prison.

Again, and again, and again, the same process was performed in its parts. MacManus was next tried, then O'Donohoe, then Meagher: their juries were all carefully packed: they were all sentenced to be hanged: and they all met the announcement of their fate as men ought. For more than a month these trials went on from day to day: and it was the 23d of October when the last sentence was pronounced. A strong garrison of cavalry, infantry, and artillery occupied the town, and enclosed the scene with a hedge of steel. Outside, the people muttered deep curses, and chafed with impotent rage. A few daring spirits, headed by O'Mahony, once contemplated an attack and rescue; but the people had been too grievously frightened by the priests (on account of their miserable pauper souls), and too effectually starved by the government, to be equal to so dashing an exploit: and so that solemn and elaborate insult was once more put upon our name and nation; and the four men who had sought to save their people from so abject a condition lay undisturbed in Clonmel gaol, sentenced to death. Considering which humiliating picture, one might be tempted to repeat the bitter words of Don Juan D'Aguila—"Surely Christ never died for *this* people!" Yet whosoever has studied even the imperfect sketch which I have given of the potent and minutely elaborated system of oppression that pressed upon that nation at every point, and tied down every limb, watching over every man, woman, and child, at their uprising and downlying, so as to be enabled to foresee and to baffle even the slightest approach to combination for a national purpose*—will assuredly forbear to taunt us, and will bless God that he was born in a land where men were free to will and to act.

The newspaper editors were still to be "tried."—that is, to be transported. In the months of October and November, 1848, Duffy of the *Nation*, Williams and O'Doherty of the *Tribune*, and Martin of the *Felon*, were successively brought up for trial in the city court house, of Green street. Their newspapers had been suppressed weeks before, their offices broken into, their types and presses and books seized.

O'Doherty and Martin were "convicted" by well-packed juries, containing not a single Catholic. In the cases of Duffy and Williams, the enemy ventured to leave one or two Catholics on the juries. Williams was acquitted: Duffy's jury disagreed, and he was retained in prison till a more tractable jury could be manufactured. Again he was brought to trial, and again the jury disagreed. Still he was kept in custody, though his health was rapidly failing: and, at last, when all apprehension of trouble seemed to be over, and the more dangerous conspirators were disposed of, the "government" yielded to a memorial on his behalf, and abandoned the prosecution.

In the matter of those who were sentenced to death, the enemy after much deliberation decided on sparing their lives and commuting their punishment to transportation for life. This, I believe was done under the false pretense of clemency; but it was in truth the most refined cruelty; it was, moreover, illegal,—there being no law to authorize such a commutation. The prisoners, therefore, objected through their counsel: they had no use for life under such circumstances; and demanded to have the extreme benefit of the law. Ministers, however, were resolved to be merciful,—introduced an act into parliament, empowering the queen to transport them,—had it passed at once,—and immediately shipped them off to herd with felons in the penal colony of Van Diemen's Land. O'Doherty and Martin, having been originally sentenced to ten years' transportation, were sent away at the same time, but in another ship; and for more than five years, in the most degrading bondage, they expiated the crime of "not having sold their country." If they had prudently sold that commodity, there were no Irishmen in our day who could have made so profitable a bargain.

What to do now with this Ireland, thus fallen under the full and peaceful possession of her "sister island," was the subject of serious thought in England. The famine was still slaying its tens of thousands; and the government emigration scheme was drawing away many thousands more, and shooting them out naked and destitute on the shores of the St. Lawrence: so that it was hoped the "Celts" would soon be thinned out to the proper point. The very danger so lately escaped, however, brought home to the British Government, and to the Irish landlords, the stern necessity of continued extermination. It was better, they felt, to have too few hands to till the ground, than too many for the security of law and order.

A plan was promulgated by Sir Robert Peel for a new "Plantation of Ireland"—that is, for replacing the Irish with good Anglo-Saxons; and this idea was warmly advocated by no less a person than Thomhs Carlyle. *Vae Victis!* was the word. "Ireland," said Carlyle, "is a starved rat that crosses the path of an elephant: what is the elephant to do? —*squelch* it, by heaven! squelch it!" From this time commenced that most virulent vilification of the Celtic Irish, in all the journals, books, and periodicals of the "sister island," which has been so faithfully reproduced (like all other British cant) in America, and which gave such venom to the Know-Nothing agitation. Then, more than ever, English writers were diligent in pointing out and illustrating the difference of "race" between Celt and Saxon: which proved to their own satisfaction that the former were born to be ruled by the latter. A peculiar feature in this species of literature, is, that the most zealous apostles and preachers of it have been themselves Celts of the Celts: Carlyle himself, for example, a Scotchman of Drumfriesshire, and with a name that convicts him of kindred with the Celts of Cumbria; and still more manifestly Macaulay, who was, by his father's side, at least, of the Mac-Amhlaidhs of the Highlands; but who wrote of the whole Celtic family—pandering to the ignorant pride of the English—with a real venom and affected contempt, which one might explain upon the theory that early in his life some Celt had crossed him in love, or pulled his nose, or done both the one and the other,—but which I am inclined to account for on a more commercial principle: he wrote his books *for* Anglo-Saxons and for those who ignorantly believe they are Anglo-Saxons.

The bitterness and spite exhibited against the Irish Celt in all British literature, especially since '48, has, however, a parallel. It is precisely the same kind of animosity and founded on the same reasons, as that which appears against the Scottish nation in all English books of the last century—that is, while Scotland remained disaffected against English rule, and discontented with the Scottish Union. Nothing so much pleased the magnanimous British at that time, as ridicule and denunciation of the Scotch. The Lord Macaulay himself informs us that "when the English condescended to think of him (the Highlander) at all—and it was seldom that they did so—they considered him as a filthy, abject savage, a slave, a Papist, a cut-throat, and a thief." And further, he says:—

"This contemptuous loathing lasted till the year 1745 (that is, until the last outrising of the Highlanders against the English) and was then for a moment succeeded by intense fear and rage. England, thoroughly alarmed, put forth her whole strength. The Highlanders were subjugated rapidly, completely, and for ever. During a short time, the English nation, still heated by the recent conflict, breathed nothing but vengeance. The slaughter on the field of battle, and on the scaffold, was not sufficient to slake the public thirst for blood. The sight of the tartan inflamed the populace of London with hatred, which showed itself by unmanly outrages to defenceless captives."

This writer, however, takes care to justify, and, so far as in him lies, to perpetuate, this horror and hatred of the Celt. He enlarges upon the filth of the dwellings and the persons of the Gael, in a manner which would have delighted Doctor Johnson himself; and, with a singular sort of filial piety, likens his own fathers to the Esquimaux and the Samoyedes.

Now, those volumes of Macaulay were written since '48. They are, in all their matter and scope, not a history, but a political pamphlet; and the zealous and diligent depreciation of Celts, both in accounts of Scottish and Irish transactions, has a manifest bearing upon our Last Conquest. It is intended not only to soothe and flatter the English with the belief that they are the "superior race," but also to turn aside and make ridiculous the sympathy of all civilized mankind, if peradventure mankind should be so misguided as to throw away its sympathies upon so abject a race as these starved-out Celts. But, in truth, the calculated care and diligence of the British literary class in defaming all Celts, has had of late years a far more urgent motive than it ever had in the case of the Scottish people, for they are painfully aware that myriads upon myriads of the exterminated Irish, having found refuge here in America, have filled this continent with cursing and bitterness against the English name; and a strong political necessity is upon them to make Americans hate us, and, if possible, despise us, as heartily as they do themselves. As for us, expatriated and exterminated Irish, we have every day occasion to feel that our enemy pursues us into all lands with unrelenting vengeance; and though we take the wings of the morning, we can never escape it—never until Ireland shall become, as Scotland is, a contented province of the British Empire, thoroughly subdued, civilized, emasculated, and "ameliorated" to the very heart's core.

To return from this slight digression, the plan of Sir Robert Peel for a new "Plantation" in Ireland was anxiously revolved in the councils of our enemy. It began to be believed then that the peasant class being now almost sufficiciently thinned out—and the claim of tenants to some sort of right or title to the land they tilled, having been successfully resisted and defeated;—that the structure of society in Ireland having been well and firmly planted upon a basis of ablebodied pauperism (which the English, however, called "independent labor"), the time was come to effect a transfer of the real estate of the island from Irish to English hands. This grand idea afterwards elaborated itself into the famous "Incumbered Estate Act."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a recent meeting of the Curran Club of Kansas City, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to call from our midst our respected and esteemed brother, Jos. McArdle, to answer that inevitable call which we must all obey; and

WHEREAS, In the departure of our deceased brother and associate we deem an irreparable loss. And as a citizen held in the estimation by those who knew him best, whose only aspirations were those of honesty and integrity; and

WHEREAS, Our departed brother had during his life time the cause of his native land uppermost in his heart, ever ready to aid in the movement to effect its freedom. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death the Irish Nationalists of Kansas City have lost a most ardent, valued and faithful coworker, and Ireland a son whose indelible love for his country time could not efface; and his wife a faithful husband, depriving their happy home of his paternal sunshine; and his adopted country one of the most patriotic citizens, who had tendered his services in time of need for the protection of our cherished flag, the Stars and Stripes. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender to his widow our most profound sympathy, and deeply deplore her loss, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of the Curran Club, and a copy of the same be sent to the *Irish World*, THE CITIZEN, and *Catholic Crusader*, and a copy be tendered to his bereaved widow.

Respectfully,
CON O'SULLIVAN,
GEORGE DOUGHERTY,
ED CUNNINGHAM,
Committee.

"My Daughter's Life

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones, of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but since giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla she has become well, strong and healthy.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Kathleen knelt to say her night orisons before a small crucifix that hung on the wall of the room. But ere she had finished the first pater-and-ave, a cry of alarm from her aged companion caused her to spring to her feet in affright.

"Oh, saints above, look there!"

The old woman pointed to the small window of the room, which was wide open. Kathleen uttered a slight shriek as she gazed at the narrow casement. At the open window appeared a face—a gaunt, pinched, and wan face—the face of a man! The eyes, sunken and surrounded each by a livid crimson circle, glared from their depths like lurid coals of fire, and were fixed upon her with a terrible, wolfish intensity. The lower part of the face was covered with a dark, shaggy beard, through which a white row of teeth glistened, like those of a wild beast.

"Wirrasthrue! wirrasthrue! — my dream! my dream!" cried old Noreen, shrinking back from the ghastly spectacle.

"Blessed angels, pretect us!" exclaimed Kathleen, in horror. "Man, man, what seek you? What brings you here? Go, go away, for heaven's sake!"

Two large hairy hands grasped the window-sill, and, with the utmost lightness and agility, the owner of the dreaded countenance clambered into the chamber, and stood on the floor before the two trembling females. The body and limbs and attire of the strange being were in keeping with his visage. Clothing he had none, save a ragged, nondescript garment, bound round his waist with a rope girdle, in which glittered a bright skian fada, or long knife, and in one hand he bore a huge knotted club. There was no covering on his head save his great matted coulin of black hair, which fell far down on his back, as his great shaggy beard fell over his chest. His scanty garment failed to cover his legs and arms, which were gaunt with hunger and blue with cold.

The want and exposure of months had indeed done their fell work on the person of Murtough MacSharry, the poor, wretched lunatic of Lough Gill.

"Go away!" he growled, repeating the words of Kathleen, in a voice that rang like the growl of a wild beast, "go away! after my long and bitter search for you! No, no, Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin, say it not; for since the good angels whispered to me that you were still living, long and lovingly have I sought you. Hill and vale, river and lough, ford and togher have I travelled with bare and bleeding feet, searching for you, ma colleen dhas, my flower of flowers. By day the bright sun beckoned me onwards like the flash of your crystal eye, a suilish machree. By night, as I slept in the lonely rath, the good people whispered me that you were waiting for me. Thrice I saw and heard the pale banshee wailing for you, but I believed her not. The luchremauns of the hills offered me their gold to stay with them; the beautiful fairy queen flung open to me the door of her shining palace, and invited poor Murteen to say. —but no, no!—nothing but you, Kathleen! nothing but you, alanna! And now you're all my own, all my own, all my own!"

He stepped towards the young girl and stretched out his large, bony, emaciated hands, which, with their long nails, resembled the talons of a bird of prey. She drew back with a shudder of horror.

"No, no," continued the maniac in a gentle voice; "no, no, sweet Kathleen; have no fear; not a hair of your dear head would I injure for all the treasures of Tir-na-n-Oge. But have you no welcome for me, a gille machree?—no welcome for your old playmate, Murtough MacSharry?"

The girl gave a start. From her earliest childhood she had intimately known Murtough MacSharry. But was this the fine, dashing young fellow who was long the foremost boy in the parish for fun and frolic, hurling and racing, dancing and fighting? Was this the flighty, buoyant, handsome young farmer? Alas! yes; all that was left of him. She shuddered at the ghastly likeness.

"And now I have found you at last, avourneen, and you will be mine—soon, soon, alanna, when my vow is performed. You would hear my vow—'tis to slaughter five more bloody Albanachs—fifteen have I slain already, but my vow says twenty. Now, machree, one sweet kiss from your lips."

Throwing down his club, MacSharry rushed forward and seized the terrified maiden in his lithe arms. She screamed and struggled in vain: she was but a child in the clutches of the maniac. Her strength failed, and with a gasp and a sigh she lay motionless in his arms, her senses plunged in a deep swoon. Old Noreen could do nothing but shriek wildly for assistance.

"Hush!" exclaimed the maniac, suddenly. "Hush! don't you hear them coming?"

He stood with uplifted hand in an attitude of eager listening. The old woman ceased her screams and listened also. Then was heard on the still night air the distant but fast-approaching tread of a great number of horses' hoofs, mingled with the rattling and jingling of cavalry accoutrements. Nearer and nearer came the sound.

"'Tis they! I know it—the Albanach! —the bloodthirsty Albanach!"

This said, MacSharry carefully and tenderly placed the insensible body of Kathleen on the white-curtained bed, picked up his club, and disappeared through the casement as rapidly and as silently as he had come.

"Halt!"

The command rang out loudly through the darkness, as, a few minutes after the maniac's disappearance, the head of a long column of armed men, horse and and foot, came to a stand right in front of the house. Foremost rode a party of cavalry in helmets and corselets. It was a large Puritan force, under the command of Hamilton in person. With a new project of slaughter throbbing in his brain, the malignant Sir Frederick had ridden with his men from Manor-Hamilton, as silently and stealthily as possible, with no less an object in view than the burning of Sligo town and the slaughter of its inhabitants. Having seized by stratagem the Castle of Newtown (which had been left in the peaceable possession of its builder, an Undertaker named Parke, by the Irish, with whom he was on rather friendly terms), the stern Puritan had thence set out under cover of midnight for Sligo, four miles distant. The place now lay almost completely at his mercy, for O'Conor's regiment had marched out of it that very day, leaving only a small garrison posted in the old castle.

"Footmen, advance!"

As the deep, hoarse voice of Hamilton sounded high above the clank and clatter of his soldiers, the Puritan infantry obeyed the command and marched to the front.

"Now, men, mark my words: let none enter a house for plunder under pain of death, but let all burn and slay as far as they are able. Death to him who spares an Irish papist, old or young, male or female! Forward, Levison; shoot, slash, and burn, and halt not until you reach the mass-house and friary at the end of the street to the left; we shall join you there presently."

The Puritan footmen advanced at the double across the bridge and into the town, and their heavy and irregular tread aroused the echoes of the quaint old streets.

"Front files, dismount," continued Hamilton; "fire me those goodly houses; burn the rebelly papists like rats;—no quarter to the Irish rogues!"

The inhuman command was promptly obeyed. Straw with other inflammable matter was piled against the doors of the doomed dwellings and set on fire; blazing brands, fastened to the points of pikes, were applied to the overhanging eaves, and in a few moments the roofs, dry as tinder, were in a blaze. Clouds of dark smoke rolled up from the burning houses, and shut out the beautiful firmament; myriads of fiery sparks darted upwards into the still air of the summer night; the light of the blazing roofs played on the waters of the Garravogue, and on the helmets, matchlocks, and breastplates of the long array of Puritan cavalry. Each horseman's match was alight and his musketoon levelled towards the conflagration. Then ensued a frightful scene. The burning habitations were full of people, from whom there arose a terrible outcry of horror and dismay. Poor fated wretches began to rush wildly out of doors and to leap out of windows, and then came the rattle and flash of musketry, as the merciless troopers deliberately shot down all who sought to escape from the flames.

"No more time to lose with those paltry sheelings," at length cried Hamilton; "we must seek higher game. Forward!"

The Irish troops in the old castle of Sligo (on the site of the present town hall) were now on the alert, and as their fire commanded the bridge, Hamilton dared not cross it on the track of his infantry. But riding with his ruthless horsemen along the right bank of the Garravogue, he crossed the stream by a ford, so that the Puritan horse and foot reunited in front of the ancient monastery of Sligo, which they now set on fire by the miscreant command of their leader.

Slowly but surely the devouring element encircled the gray walls of the stately Abbey of the Holy Cross, first founded by the valiant freebooter, Maurice Fitzgerald, in the middle of the thirteenth century, afterwards burnt to the ground by a candle, and again built, in a splendid style of architecture, by the pious prince, Brian MacDonogh of Tirerril, aided by the Pope's indulgence to all contributors to its re-erection. It had escaped the ravages of Elizabeth's "Reformers," under the care of its tolerant grantee, and the ancestor of an illustrious line—Sir William Taaffe of Ballymote; but no, alas! the *dies iræ* of the grand old Dominican pile had arrived. Fierce gusts of smoke swept through its venerable cloisters, and puffed out through the magnificent ranges of Gothic arches and sculptured pillars. The grand eastern window of richly-stained glass was lighted up by a fiercer brilliancy than that of the tapers on the exquisitely carved altar—a brilliancy that threw into a bold relief, for the last time, the radiant and variously-colored figures of angels and saints. Up through the crackling roof shot a great column of fire, which showed the stately bell tower, with all its details of decorated windows and projecting gargoyles and stony churubim standing out against the dark background of night. Truly it was a sad and mournful spectacle, that burning of Sligo Abbey; though the heartless fanatics who now surrounded it viewed their atrocious work with delight, and yelled aloud their joy and exultations.

"Perdition to Babylon!" they cried; "so perish the abode of the children of Belial! Blessed be the Lord for this night's good work!"

Two members of the Dominican brotherhood of the monastery came flitting out of the burning pile, looking spectre-like in the white habit of their order. Then and there the poor monks were ruthlessly slain, and their bodies, with their life-blood on the folds of their snowy garments, left on the spot where they received the martyr's crown. As for their brothers of the community, they either perished in the flames of their blazing house, or escaped heaven knows how.

"Now, my men, ho for Manor-Hamilton!" shouted the Puritan colonel, after the fire had raged for some time, "we are well satisfied with this glorious piece of service. Bide a little longer, Leviston, and follow us when the fire grows brighter. Remain, also, four last files of cavalry."

And back again over the ford rode Hamilton and his main body of horsemen, not now entirely unscathed, for the reports of firearms resounded to the left and right as they passed, and some of the troopers fell from their saddles. Bent on further vengeance they rode back to the bridge. A crowd of persons standing before the burning houses fled in all directions at their approach—all except one man, who stood as in amaze, and whom two of the Puritans seized at once, leaping off their horses to do so, with the intention of bringing him prisoner to their stronghold as a species of trophy of their success.

But they had caught a Tartar.

"Off, devils, off!" yelled the man, and in a moment he levelled one Puritan with a blow of a heavy club he carried, and ran a long skian through the throat of the other.

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" he cried; and then, with a shriek like that of a tigress robbed of her young, he bounded towards a house which had lately caught fire, climbed like a cat up to one of the windows, and disappeared amidst the smoke and flame which filled the interior. The Puritans had halted at their leader's command, and all eyes were turned on the window in question. Very soon it was darkened by two forms, and the man emerged, bearing in one arm the apparently lifeless body of a female, and commenced a perilous descent.

"Fire! Down with them both!" shouted the stern Puritan.

Crack, crack, crack, rang the reports of the muskets, and the leaden hail pattered on the wall around the man and his burden.

"Curses! Try again, dolts!" cried the merciless Hamilton. The man completed his descent as the words were uttered, and came staggering from the blazing edifice—staggering from exhaustion—but his burden still in his arms.

"No, no!" exclaimed a loud voice; fire not at least for a moment;" and a stalwart horseman, mounted on a powerful black horse, spurred out from the ranks and gazed into the face of Kathleen—for it was she who was thus rescued from a horrible death by her wretched maniac lover.

"By heaven, 'tis she herself! Down, dog," and with the butt of a horse-pistol the trooper struck the unfortunate MacSharry to the earth, at the same time snatching the insensible girl from his arms and transferring her to the pommel of his saddle.

Hamilton's command to march rang out at this moment, and away galloped the Albanach cavalry, soon leaving Sligo with its burning houses and monastery far behind them.

A considerable time passed ere the Puritan rearguard under Leviston came clattering, horse and foot pell mell, from the burning monastery, running the gauntlet of the angry townsmen, who picked off many of them on the way. They lessened their speed on recrossing the Garravogue, and wiped the perspiration from their swarthy faces.

"Bluidy wark, camrades, bluidy wark!" exclaimed a lank musketeer, panting with fatigue; "puir Jock Wemyss and Nab Guthrie will ne'er wield claymore mair. But I'll e'en hae a bang at the deil's limb o' a papist yonder, if only to 'venge their fa'."

The speaker levelled his matchlock at MacSharry, who, having recovered from the effects of the trooper's pistol-stroke, had rushed madly after the band of troopers that had borne away Kathleen, and was now standing in sullen despair.

"Nae, nae, Duncan, fire not," said Leviston, a burly Scot, who led the party; "that same chiel, papist spawn though he may be, will serve us bonnily weel as a guide o'er the hills and braces 'twixt us and Manor-Hamilton. Dost ken, thou imp of Beelzebub?—you maun bring us haure safe frae this den o' Irish Popery." He shook MacSharry roughly by the arm, and the maniac, as if divining what was required of him, though but little understanding the patois in which he was addressed, nodded his head submissively.

"Horns o' Satan! what a gruesome carl!" exclaimed the Scot on catching sight of the maniac's ghastly visage; "and for a' that he seems to ken full weel what we would hae o' him. But mayhap, the pawky rogue may give us French leave on our way back."

"We're nae such gowks and gomerils as to brook that," said another of the party: "we'll rig the rascal in this white sark that I've ta'en off the body o' ane o' the dead papist friars yonder, and then we'll ken the carl's whereabouts the better."

The suggestion was adopted, and the white Dominican habit was thrown over the gaunt body of the maniac, of whose insanity his captors were still unaware. M'Sharry, thus distinguished, was placed in the front of the party.

"Noo, my mon, forward, and just bear weel in mind that if you try to befool or betray us, a dose of cold lead will scatter your brains to the winds. March!"

And out of the town trooped the detachment, the lunatic in his white garments flitting along like a phantom.

It may be added that Sir Frederick Hemilton boasted that he and his men "destroyed that night near 300 souls by fire, sword, and drowning, to God's everlasting glory and our comforts."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

"Nois," ar Goillis, "nach raibh an t-ágh ormsa dul suas annsan g-crann?" agus d'fhreagair an mhaighdion, "is anamh nach mbíonn an t-ágh air an rud a chuireann tusa romhad," agus bhi luthghair air Ghoillis ann sin, mar budh h-é sin an cheud mholadh a thug sí ariamh dhó.

Bhi siad eidir dá chómhuirle ann sin, fanamhaint annsan áit a raibh siad go dtiucadh mhaidin, nó teacht anuas agus rith leo an taobh do b'fhaide ó'n taoibh a chuaidh an fathach. Bhi an oiread faitchis orra go dtiucfadh sé air a ais an bealach coudna, gur shaoil siad go mbudh fhearr dóibh teacht anuas, agus leanamhaint d'á sidhbal. Rinne siad sin agus nior sguir siad dá gcoisigheacht chomh luath agus bhi ionnta sidhbal, no gur éirigh an ghrian agus fuair siad iad féin air bhruach na coille móire.

Cápla mile eile agus bhi siad amuigh annsna machairibh féir aris, agus chonnaire siad tighthe, agus nior chreid siad go raibh siad go ceart sábháilta no gur fhág siad an choill mhór dhubh milte agus milte air a g-cúl. Tháinig siad go teach-ósda faoi dheire, agus chaith siad an lá ann sin, ag ithe agus ag ól agus ag léigint a sgithe, 'réis an dainseura ann a raibh siad leis na trí lá a chuaidh thart.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Beagan Rann.

Air "Silva Gadelica."

Agus cómhairle d'a úghdar.

Do shaoil mé a g-cómhnuidhe gur le Lógain "an Ghaodhail"
Do scriobhadh an Ghaedhilig ba mheasa 'san t-saoghal:
Acht d'ath'ruigheas m'inntinn 's mo bharamhla féin,
O chonnarcas Gaedhilig Uí Ghráda, mo léun!

Ba cheart é do scriobhadh sean-Ghaedhilge na riogh
'San módh ann ar scriobhadh 'sna laethibh do bhi;
Acht ní ceart dó an teanga tá 'nois in ár m-beul
Do dheunamh chómh dubh le poll móna no neul.

Le puncadh* 'gus litriughadh nach bh-feacadh ó'n lá
Ann ar buaileadh an Gaedhilig air d-tús ins an chló,—
'Nuair scriobhadh gach canamhuin do bhi ins an domhan
Go léir 'gus go h-iomlán le láimh a's le pcann.

Is éigin dúinn saoilitinn nach d'táinic sé leis
An Ghaedhilig do scriobhadh a g-canamhuin cheirt dheis.
A's gur chuir sé a bh-folach a ain-eólas féin
Le puncadh 'gus litriughadh neamhcholtcheann arson.

'S an nidh atá teasduighe ó mhuintir ár d-tír,
An Ghaedhilig do scriobhadh go ceart a's go fior,
Le cinnlíthibh 'sna h-áitibh dar cóir a m-beith ann,
'S gan leath-stad† a g-cómhnuidhe, gan céill, bun ós ceann.

Tugann sé sinnscar ó'r fhás sé, réir sgéil;
Acht is cuma do chach chára teanga na n-Gaedheal,
An é Conn Mór Céad Catha na Mici Mageogh.‡
Mogha Nuadhat no Maols bhi 'nna a sheanathair dó.

A Staindis, a Staindis, glac cómhairle daoi bhoichd
A thuigeas do mhaitheas mar aon le do lochd,—
Má scriobhann tú Gaedhilig go d-tiocfaidh do bhás,
Ná bódharaigh inn 'ris leis an g-cineul ó'r fhás;

Oir go deimhin ní thiocfaidh ó obair mar sdd
Acht ná daoine le céill do bheith sior-magadh fúd:
'S nuair scriobhfaidh tú brollachtf a n-Ghaedhilig aris,
Ná cuir d'fhiachaibh air léightheoir do gháircadh le mis.

Is maith liom an leabhar do chuiris 'm ár láimh,
Agus deirim anois leat go socair 's go sámh,—
Dá m-beith in mo phóca acht a luach go deó,
Cheannóchainn an scod mór do chuiris a g-cló.

Glac mo leithsceul anois air chruadhas mo rann;
Acht do thuill tú gach focal do tháinic ó'm pheann;
Dá léighidhe an Ghaedhilig go coitcheann 'san tír
Ní féidir féghail fógra chómh maith no chómh fior.

Ná meas go n-dúbhairt mé aon fhocal ro-gheur,
Air Ghaedhilig an bhrollaigh do scriobh tú go léir:
Fan go léighfir na baramhla scriobhfar air fós,
'S déarfair gur cídin a's gur ceannsa mo nós.

T. O. R.

* Puncadh—Punctuation.
† Leath-stad—A semi-colon.
‡ Sean sodhire bocht do bhi ag duine uasal san áit ann a rugadh mé.
†† Brollach—A preface.

A TIRED WOMAN, just as much as a sick and ailing one, needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That builds up, strengthens, and invigorates the entire female system. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

It's a powerful restorative tonic and soothing nervine, made especially for woman's needs, and the only *guaranteed* remedy for woman's weaknesses and ailments. In all "female complaints" and irregularities, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

A great many medicines "relieve" Catarrh in the Head. That means that it's driven from the head into the throat and lungs. But, by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy perfectly and permanently cures.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.
Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
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A PLACE FOR BRIDAL COUPLES.

Why Your People Did Not Count In Making Up an Elevator's Freight.

In Washington the other day a reporter made a pilgrimage up the Washington monument, and while he waited for the elevator, which is no small task, as it makes only one trip in a half hour, he fell into conversation with the doorman in charge of the structure.

"You see," said that worthy, "we have to watch out sharp about the number of people in here. The elevator will carry 30, and the first 30 that come in sit over on that side, and everybody else must stay over here and wait. It's just like a barber shop, and if anybody goes outside to see the shadder like as not he'll get left."

"To see the what?" asked the reporter innocently.

"The shadder. The monument's shadder. Haven't you seen it?"

"No."

"Well, don't go out now or mebbe you'll get left. There's 24 in here already."

"Twenty-four," said the New York man doubtfully. "I make it 28."

"So there are, but four don't count."

"Why?"

"Bridal couples."

"Don't they go up?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, I don't see"—began the reporter, but just then the two couples alleged to be brides and bridegrooms arose almost simultaneously and sauntered toward the stairs, up which they presently disappeared.

"See?" inquired the doorman benevolently.

"Do you mean you can tell the bridal couples by their walking up instead of riding?"

"I do. Them and little boys is about the only ones that walks."

"I don't quite understand," said the reporter innocently, with dim visions of plodding along breathlessly up the endless iron staircase.

"Didn't suppose you would," said the doorman scornfully. "Reckon you don't know them stairs is just one mile long and the finest place for huggin in the United States?"—New York Tribune.

Rise of English Towns.

Among English manufacturing towns none can boast a more startlingly rapid rise than that of Barrow-in-Furness and Middlesbrough. Barrow was an insignificant hamlet made up of a handful of fishermen's huts until the discovery of a rich vein of hematite ore some 40 years ago transformed it into one of the most important centers of our great iron manufacture. Its population is now 51,000. Where the fishing cobles were hauled on to the quiet strand there now flares many a huge blast furnace, fed with hundreds of thousands of tons of ore yearly, while jute works and one of the largest steel works in England add further—not to the beauty, but to the commercial prosperity of Barrow. The makers of the place as it now is were the late Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Buccleuch.

Middlesbrough began in an even smaller way. Sixty-five years ago a solitary farmhouse stood where furnaces and puddling mills make the land hideous today. Its life was revolutionized by the find in 1840 of a thick vein of iron in the Cleveland hills, running from Middlesbrough to Whitby. The Darlington and Stockton railway was already at hand to help in the work. Iron shipbuilding and Bolckow & Vaughan's great steel works came next, and Ironopolis is now an incorporated borough with a member of parliament and over 75,000 people, where 40 years since there were not as many hundreds.—Cornhill Magazine.

Light Through a Small Opening.

Thorough and scientific experiments with light have given some astonishing results. The latest in this line has been to prove that a cut or slit in a piece of paper, even though the opening be not more than one forty-thousandth of an inch in width, is sufficient to transmit light to the human retina. Here is the experimenter's account of his wonderful doings: I have determined an extraordinary fact—viz.: That light will show through a keen cut opening, even though the crack be of exceeding minuteness. This interesting fact was proved by taking two thoroughly clean, straight edges, placing a piece of paper between the surfaces at one end, the other end being allowed to come together. The straight edges being placed between the eye and a strong light in a dark room, a wedge of light was perceived from the ends between which the paper was placed and the opposite ends, which were brought together. The thickness of the paper being known, the distance apart at the two edges of the small end of the wedge of light was easily calculated, giving us as an astounding result that the bar of light was not more than one forty-thousandth of an inch in thickness.—St. Louis Republic.

The Largest Kite In This Country.

The largest kite ever made in the United States is that produced in Durham, Green county, N. Y. The frame consists of two main sticks 28 feet long, weighing each 100 pounds, and two cross sticks 21 feet long and weighing 75 pounds each. All of these sticks were 2 by 6 inches in dimensions. Over the framework was stretched a great sheet of white duck 25 feet by 18 feet and weighing 55 pounds. The tail of the kite alone weighed 50 pounds and contained 155 yards of muslin. Twenty-five hundred feet of ¼-inch rope served as "kite strings." This plaything cost $100, and when it mounted into the air it exerted a lifting power of 500 pounds. Six men once permitted it to ascend 1,000 feet.—Exchange.

What Fred Douglass Said.

One cold night during the height of the civil war Hon. Frederick Douglass got out of a train at Jersey City. He wore a big shawl on top of his overcoat, and a New York reporter, seeing the dark skin and towering form of the traveler, stopped him with the question, "Indian?" "No!" shouted Douglass, "Nigger!"—New York Sun.

Serving the People.

In 1761 the town of Quincy, in Massachusetts, wanted a surveyor of highways who had brains. The most prominent citizen of the little town at that time probably was John Adams, who was a graduate of Harvard college and a successful lawyer, and who had high ambitions, which were subsequently realized, as all the world knows.

The citizens of the town of Quincy regarded Adams, who was then about 26 years old, as a very capable fellow, and without asking his leave chose him to look after their highways.

This service was not of the sort which the ambitious scholar and able lawyer was looking for. He knew that a faithful performance of the duties would interfere with his work as a lawyer, but Adams was a man of high public spirit, and if his fellow citizens wanted him to survey their roads it was his duty to do it. He accepted the office, therefore, and performed its duties.

The spirit which he exhibited has been shown by many other famous Americans, especially in the early days of our republic. At the present time the dislike of office seeking is so great that office-holding is looked upon by many people as a thing to be reprobated, and able men often scornfully decline to hold an unimportant office.

Every person's patriotism should begin with the town or city that he lives in, and every citizen should regard his services as rightfully to be commanded, for a reasonable time, by the community among whom he dwells.—Youth's Companion.

Nature and Authors.

There is good material for an essay in the analysis of the different manner in which nature is approached by the authors, and some chronological developments would be apparent. The earlier novelists, Mrs. Radcliffe and so on to Walter Scott, created landscape as a background for their people; there were storms, sunsets, seas, caves, trees and dark nights, but they fitted into the exigencies of the plot. Never did the moon shine upon a murder, nor the storm beat upon the happy lovers, when there could be a first choice of weather. With Wordsworth there came another school, and nature was awarded some rights of her own, but it was Mary Mitford who first asked the reader himself to come out among the roses or go driving along the scented lanes. Everybody else had described.

Of course everything had to be taken as it was, but she went abroad with us in her English weather as though she were a Quaker matron with her quilted bonnet cover in her pocket, and therefore when the rain came it had no compunctions and she no disquietude. In these days we investigate nature. We are not content to see a bird fly into the bushes, but we must beat in after it, to know what it is—whether it is at home or merely passing through. The observers are looking for material and would as soon go afield without their hats as without their notebooks. It is a great gain for literature, but it throws responsibility upon the people who are supposed to know.—Peterson's Magazine.

Courting Under Difficulties.

They were courting under difficulties. It was a room through which the members of the family were continually passing to and fro.

"Dear Alice," he said, "I can no longer labor under this sus"—(the old man appears)—"pension of banks is due to the unwise policy"— (Old gent passes on.) "I was going to say, my dear girl, that I hope you will promise to be mine and name an early day for the bonds"—(old woman comes in)—"should never be paid in gold alone." (Exit old girl.)

"Name the happy day when I may call you my own, for I cannot believe that you will think it pre"—(old man slides in again)—"sumption cannot be too soon accomplished." (The intruder retires.) "I say I can't believe you are entirely indifferent to me, but will soon grant me the privilege of calling you wi"—(old lady on deck)—"fe given the financial question much study." (Old lady strides off.)

"If you love me, just nod your head. You, and, oh, one sweet kiss to seal it—one sweet"—(prospective father-in-law)—"according to eminent divines is a myth, a superstition." (They were again left alone.) The old folks conclude that Alice is safe enough in the company of a young man who can talk nothing but finance and theology, and so relax their vigilance. —London Tit-Bits.

Small Opera Glasses For Men.

"Do I carry my eyeglasses in my inside pocket? No, my boy; you ain't on. That's the only trouble with you," said Eugene Fiske of New York at the Southern just before putting on his Inverness to go to the theater. "It's the proper thing in New York, among people who know anything, to carry the smallest opera glasses that are made, and to have them attached to a cord about the neck, very much resembling an eyeglass guard. That's what made you think I carried my eyeglasses in the inside pocket of my coat. What's the idea? Oh, the glasses are usually a present from some lady friend, and as a man is likely to leave them behind him he shows his appreciation of the gift and the giver by wearing them so that it is impossible to go off and forget them. Great scheme, isn't it?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Aggravating Speech.

One of the wits of the parliament house is said to have observed on the occasion of Judge Deas' promotion to the honor of knighthood, "The queen may make George Deas a knight, but no one will ever make him a gentleman." Deas was quite able, however, to hold his own, and he punished the wits when they came to make their maiden speeches before him. "Prisoner at the bar," he once said to an unfortunate wretch on whose behalf an infant advocate had been feebly urging "extenuating circumstances," "everything that your counsel has said in mitigation I consider to be an aggravation of your offense."—San Francisco Argonaut.

UNDER FALLING WALLS

Frightful Disaster in the World's Fair City.

TWO FAMILIES CRUSHED TO DEATH,

Only One Member of Each Escaping with Their Lives—The Work of Rescue Begun in the Midst of Flames—Several Passengers Scorched on a Burning Train—Three Railroad Men Killed in a Collision—Other Accidents.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—By the falling of the walls of John York's burned dry goods store at Halsted and Nineteenth streets, at 1:30 o'clock Tuesday morning seven and perhaps eight people were instantly killed and four others seriously injured. The killed are: John Smith, 45 years; Dollie Smith, aged 13 years; Baby Smith, 9 years; Hattie Smith, 4 years; Paulina Reutich, 19 years; F. Kunze, 45 years; Mary Kunze, 45 years. Injured: F. Kunze, Jr., Patrol Sergeant Loughran, Mrs. Amelia Smith, probably fatal; Police Officer William Smith. Missing: —— Joseph, aged 27, bartender.

The catastrophe was caused by the collapsing before the high wind of the walls of the burned York building. These had been standing since the fire in January, which destroyed the store and contents. At this time the walls were soaked with water which, however, coated them with ice and aided in holding them more firmly together.

Two Taken Out Alive.

It was feared that a change of temperature would weaken the walls by thawing out the ice which held them together, and this fear was realized. Monday's warmth and rain melted the ice and at night the wind shook the tottering walls until they fell with a crash, burying two houses with their sleeping inmates. The two houses destroyed was the saloon of John Smith at 761 Halstead street and the jewelry store of A. Kunze at 763 Halstead street. Both were frame structures and both were occupied on the second stories by the families of the owners of the places of business below. That all in the buildings were not killed seems almost a miracle, but while two were taken out alive, one of them—Mrs. Amelia Smith—wife of the saloon keeper, can scarcely survive the day. The other one to escape was Fred Kunze, son the jeweler, aged 21 years. He, with his bed, was carried through the floor to the basement. A door thrown across the bed and supported against the wall served to guard the occupant of the bed from injury by the falling of the debris. Young Kunze was rescued but was slightly injured.

Difficult Undertaking.

The work of rescuing the imprisoned people, aside from the great danger to the firemen, was attended with much difficulty. It was unknown in what portion of the buildings the missing families had been sleeping and the firemen, who reach the scence very shortly after the crash, were without any guide in their work save by their own instinct. Disregarding the smoke and the licking tongues of flame they appeared here and there amid the debris. They dug along the base of the York wall, at a point which appeared to be about the center of Kunze's jewelry store. Their search was finally rewarded by a shout from beneath the bricks and broken timbers. They dug steadily on, but could not locate the voice. At last, however, came the cry, "Here I am!" and at the same instance a hand was thrust through to the open air. It was the hand of young Kunze. His rescue was then a matter of a few minutes.

Bartenders Body Found.

Superintendent of Streets Burke put 150 men at work on the ruins early Tuesday morning. The work of excavation was difficult, owing to the heat and smoke that still asceded from the debris, and it was absolutely impossible that any of those buried in the debris could be still alive. The hopes that the bartender, George Mesterle, as his name was learned to be, might be still alive, was dissipated Tuesday forenoon, when his body, terribly mutilated was taken from the ruins. The body was taken to the morgue.

PASSENGER TRAIN CATCHES FIRE.

Smoking Car Destroyed and Several Passengers Scorched.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 28.—A special from Paris, Ky., says: The passenger train on the Kentucky Central branch of the Louisville and Nashville railroad which passed here at 8 o'clock Monday morning caught fire when near Talbot Station, three miles from this city. The smoking car was destroyed and several passengers badly burned. Following is a list of the burned: M. H. Applegate, newsboy, of Cincinnati; William Ballenger, of Kiserton; Fred Crawford, of Cincinnati; R. Goggin, drummer, of Paris; J. W. Jamieson; Lockhart, Louisville and Nashville attorney; J. W. McShain, county assessor; William Tarr, distiller. The fire was caused by the igniting of a can of gasoline.

Three Railway Men Killed.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Feb. 28.—The worst accident that ever occurred in the history of the Passumpsic railroad division of the Boston and Maine, took place just above St. Johnsbury Centre at 3:30 o'clock Monday afternoon when two through freights collided. Fred Clarke, engineer of the up train, Charles West, an engineer who was riding on the same engine, and Fred Green, fireman on the down train, were killed. William Dowling, a brakeman, was hurt about the head, but not seriously. Engineer Redara of the down train, saved his life by jumping. None of the other trainmen were hurt. The cause of the accident was the forgetting of orders.

Three Men Struck by a Train.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—Two men were seriously and one fatally hurt by being struck by an Illinois Central train at the Hyde Park station Monday night. W. F. Davidson of Port Huron, Mich.; J. L. Martin, 5806 Rosalie court, and T. C. Insley of Detroit were standing on the tracks waiting for a train and were struck by the suburban passenger train they were waiting to board. Davidson's head was badly cut Martin had both feet crushed. Insley received internal injuries and will probably die. The accident was witnessed by over a hundred people.

New York and the Fair.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The senate has passed Senator Cantor's bill appropriating $300,000 additional for the state exhibit at the World's fair by a vote of—ayes 25, nays, 0.

BLOCKED BY SNOW.

Terrific Storm Raging in Michigan and Minnesota.

DETROIT, Feb. 28.—A special to The News from Ironwood says: The very worst storm of the winter was as a June zephyr to a Dakota blizzard in comparison with the terrific storm that has raged here for the past thirty hours, and which is still in progress. The snow is so deep that it is impossible to drive teams in the streets. All business is at a standstill. Lake Shore and Wisconsin Central trains from Milwaukee and Chicago are snowbound thirty miles south of here. A relief train with four engines and two coaches left here to attempt to reach the Lake Shore limited snowed under near Manitowish, Wis., and take off the passengers and mail.

That "Biggest" Blizzard Again.

ST. PAUL, Feb. 28.—Reports from all parts of Minnesota and the Dakotas indicate that the biggest blizzard of the winter is raging. In St. Paul and Minneapolis snow has been falling in sheets for twelve hours and nearly a foot of new snow is on the ground.

ENGINEER FELT A JAR

And Found the Body of a Suicide on the Log Carriage.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., Feb. 28.—A horrible suicide was committed by a man named Lee Taylor, five miles southwest of this place. Taylor had become financially embarrassed and had been brooding over his troubles. For the past week he had been working at a sawmill. While the fireman and engineer were engaged at the boiler Taylor deliberately lay down on the log carriage, grasped the frame work with one hand and the shaft with the other and pulled himself up to the rapidly revolving saw. His head was instantly severed from the body and rolled down into the sawdust pit. The engineer noticing a jar from the machinery went back to the saw and was horrified to find the bleeding trunk still lying on the carriage. The deceased was recently married and leaves a wife but no children.

Trades Unions Adopt a New Method.

BUFFALO, Feb. 28.—The union switchmen of this city are actively opposing the hiring of men here to fill the places of the Chicago strikers. The Boyd detective agency, of Detroit, have been given the contract of supplying new men to take the strikers' places and they have an agent here collecting all the non-union men willing to go to Chicago. A delegation of union switchmen waited on the Detroit agent and protested against his hiring of men to fill the strikers' places. The agent replied that it was none of the delegation's business, and a heated altercation ensued, the agent being threatened with violence.

Labor Troubles at West Superior.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Feb. 28.—The old trouble between the Amalgamated association and the West Superior Iron and Steel works has broken out afresh. Secret meetings of the association have been held frequently of late and it was apparent something was brewing. Notices have been posted warning all union men, particularly boiler makers, carpenters and brick layers to keep away from the mills "until the rights of labor have been obtained." Manager Mattes says the Amalgamation will never again get a foothold in his mills.

Colquitt in the Senate Again.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—Senator Colquitt of Georgia made his appearanced Monday in the senate chamber for the first time this session. He had been, as is known, suffering from an attack of paralysis for several months. He was brought into the chamber on an invalid wheeled chair and was immediately surrounded by many of his associates. Then he was lifted into the seat which he had formerly occupied in the front row, and next to the main aisle, where he was for the rest of the day the object of friendly solicitude.

Populist House Adjourns.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 28.—The Populist branch of the legislature, known as the Dunsmore house, has adjourned sine die, and the fifty-eight members holding certificates of election will go over to the Douglass, or Republican, house and take part in the proceedings, while the contesting members will go to their respective homes. There has not been any agreement made concerning appropriations to reimburse the treasurer for money paid out to the Dunsmore house employes or for their unpaid bills.

No Gold Shipped Monday.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—Contrary to expectation no gold was taken out of the sub-treasury at New York Monday for shipment to Europe. The treasury department was advised Saturday that $350,000 had been engaged, but the parties who engaged it failed to call for it so that none went out. So far as advised no gold has been engaged for shipment this week. The free gold in the treasury now amounts to $4,000,000, a slight increase since last Saturday, when $500,000 was sent abroad.

Pasco Appointed Senator.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 28.—A special from Tallahasse says that Governor Mitchell has appointed Samuel Pasco to be United States senator from Florida ad interim, beginning March 4 and ending with the election of Pasco's successor by the legislature which meets in April. His commission has been signed and is now in his possession at Washington, although the vacancy does not actually occur until next Saturday.

Maryland Wants West Virginia Earth.

GRAFTON, W. Va., Feb. 28.—Considerable excitement has been caused throughout the eastern panhandle of this state by a statement of the conditions of the suit brought by the state of Maryland against the state of West Virginia. Maryland sues to recover the entire territory lying between the north and south branches of the Potomac river. Six large counties with a population of nearly 100,000 are involved.

Wabash Switchmen Ask More Wages.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 28.—A delegation of switchmen, representing all switchmen employed on the Wabash system, had a conference with General Superintendent McGee in regard to signing the amended scale of wages. The conference lasted about two hours, but no result was reached and an adjournment was taken.

Move to Unite Labor Unions.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 28.—A movement looking towards the closer affiliation of the various labor organizations has been begun in New York. Circulars have been received in this city calling a national congress of the various bodies, its object being to unite all the labor unions in support of strikes and boycotts.

JOHN W. MACKAY SHOT.

His Assailant Immediately Ends His Own Life.

SENSATION AT SAN FRANCISCO.

The Famous Capitalist Shot in the Back by an Old Man Named Ratcliffe in the Lick House—The Suicide of the Would-Be Murderer Renders It Impossible at Present to Determine the Motive for the Deed.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 24.—John W. Mackay, the famous capitalist, was shot Friday afternoon at the Lick house, in this city, by an old man named Ratcliffe. He shot Mackay in the back and then turned the weapon on himself, sending a bullet

JOHN W. MACKAY.

into his heart and causing almost instant death. The motive for the attempted murder and suicide is at present unknown.

The Wound Not Fatal.

Mr. Mackay was at once taken to his room in the Palace hotel, where, upon examination, it was found that he had only received a flesh wound. At this writing he is resting easily. Mr. Mackay says his assailant is unknown to him.

Mackay is the richest man on the coast. His fortune is generally estimated at $30,000,000. Mrs. Mackay his wife, is famous all over Europe in a social way and on account of the royal manner in which she entertains. There is great mystery surrounding the dreadful tragedy. Mr. Mackay was not known to have dangerous enemies. His assassin is supposed to have been insane.

HE FEELS FIRST RATE.

Condition of Mr. Mackay, Who Was Shot by an Assassin.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 27.—Mr. Mackay, who was shot by W. C. Rippey Friday, was seen in his room at the Palace hotel at 8 o'clock Saturday morning. He said he had passed a first rate night, had slept well and felt as well as ever except that he was a little sore where the bullet was extracted. His physicians say that if no complications set in the patient has a very good chance of complete recovery.

Lost His Fortune.

The name of the man who shot Mr. Mackay and then himself is W. C. Rippey. He had lost his fortune in speculating in mining stocks and seemed to hold Mackay responsible for his adversity. The wounds which he inflicted upon himself, the doctors say, are sure to prove fatal in a short time.

WILL BE FREE MAY 1.

The President Commutes the Sentence of Edward L. Harper.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—The president has granted a commutation of sentence to Edward L. Harper, ex-president of the Fidelity National bank of Cincinnati, who

EDWARD L. HARPER.

was convicted of a violation of the federal banking laws and sentenced Dec. 12, 1887, to ten years' imprisonment in the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus. The commutation provides for Harper's release on May 1, 1893. The president has twice refused to take action in Harper's case for the reason that reports showed him to be less dangerously ill than it was claimed by those who sought to have him released. Recently, however, physicians who attended Harper have filed statements that he is very ill and is gradually losing strength and flesh.

Oystermen Drowned.

LAUREL, Del., Feb. 27.—Intellegence has just been received from Tangier Sound, the disputed oyster beds of the Chesapeake, that four boats, the Maggie Smith, Thomas Messick, Benjamin Harrison and George Thomas, have been wrecked. Seven oystermen, Harry Smith, Benjamin Walker, Martin Vandyke of Philadelphia and Howard Clendanel and Charles Hammerley of New York, and two unknown dredgers, were drowned.

Fire at New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—The factory building, 811 to 817 East Nineteenth street, was destroyed by fire Monday morning. The building was occupied by William Rowland, a ship joiner, and Horn & Fanshaw, bungmakers. A model for a big steamer, which was to have been exhibited at the World's fair was destroyed. The loss on the building is $25,000 and on stock $50,000.

Five Life Savers Drowned.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Feb. 27.—A brig went ashore upon Cuttyhunk Friday night, and the lifeboat went to her assistance. The boat was capsized and five of the crew drowned, as follows: Captain Timothy Aiken, Jr., Isaiah Taylor, Hiram Jackson, William Brightman, Frederick Aiken. All the brig's crew were saved. Most of the drowned men left families.

Run Down by a Train.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—Frank Harden, a clerk in the Illinois Central freight offices, was run over by an Illinois Central switch engine near Twenty-ninth street at 8 o'clock Monday morning and instantly killed. Harden was on his way to the car shops of the company for mail, and was walking along the tracks. Harden's home was at Ottawa, Ills.

NEW BATTLESHIP LAUNCHED.

Christened "Indiana" by the Daughter of Attorney General Miller.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 28.—The great battleship Indiana was successfully launched at the shipyard of the William Cramp & Sons company Tuesday afternoon in the presence of thousands of people, among them the President of the United States, the secretary of the navy and other members of the cabinet and quite a large delegation of congressmen and others who arrived from Washington Tuesday morning on a special train. The arrival of the presidential party was the signal for loud and continued cheering. Among the visitors were Secretary of the Navy Tracy, Postmaster General Wanamaker, Attorney General Miller and his daughter, Miss Jessie, the fair christener; Senators Voorhees and Turpie of Indiana (in honor of which state the vessel is named), and others. The president and the other gentlemen of the party acknowledged the complimentary cheering by smiling and raising their hats.

The Christening Ceremonies.

The noise of 500 workmen making the final preparations reverberated between the Indiana's sister ship Massachusett on the south and cruiser No. 13, the Minneapolis, to the north for a quarter of an hour, and then oruers were given to "saw the ways." Just as the 4,200 tons of steel started down the incline Miss Miller broke the customary bottle of champagne, it being encased in a beautifully hand-painted and embroidered satin cover, across the bow and firmly said: "I christen thee Indiana." Whistles shrieked, bells rang, and people cheered and waved handkerchiefs and flags. This demonstration continued until the ship reached midstream, where anchors were dropped. Later the anchors were raised and the vessel towed to the shipyard.

WENT INSANE IN THE PULPIT.

Remarkable Occurrence in an Iowa Methodist Church.

WEST UNION, Ia., Feb. 28.—Rev. J. R. Sanford of the Methodist church at Sumner, was seized with temporary insanity while occupying the pulpit Sunday and for a time pandemonium reigned. For five minutes he was a raving maniac. He raved, swore, threatened violence, smashed the Bible over the pulpit, jumped on it, cursing and calling down the wrath of God all the while. The audience was simply paralyzed, the people riveted to their seats. A town official happening to come in just at this time, he went forward and took hold of Mr. Sanford, spoke a few words to him and his reason returned. He was taken home, but is in a critical condition.

Banquet to Vice President Morton.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—A banquet was given to Vice President Morton Monday night at the Arlington by the senate, every member except four, who were absent, being a subsciber to this unexpected honor, which was an expression of the appreciation felt by the senators for the fairness and ability with which Mr. Morton has handled the senate gavel for the past four years. Scarcely a prominent senator was absent. Among the other guests who participated in the proceedings were ex-Senators William M. Evarts and T. W. Palmer, General Alger, Frank Hatton, P. V. DeGraw, H. L. West, and H. C. Clarke.

Electric Light Men in Session.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 28.—Nearly five hundred delegates, many of them accompanied by ladies, reached here on special trains Monday night and Tuesday morning to participate in the sixteenth annual convention of the National Electric Light association. At 11 o'clock the convention was called to order by President James I. Ayer of this city, in the Telephone building, corner Olive and Tenth streets. Mayor I. A. Noonan delivered the address of welcome. President Ayer followed with the opening address of the convention.

Got Him at Last.

ALLEGAN, Mich., Feb. 25.—After pursuing his victim nearly 3,000 miles, from Great Falls, Mont., to this place, Albert Reynolds shot and instantly killed Bert Moore in a saloon Monday morning. Moore is alleged to have alienated the affections of Reynolds' wife. Three weeks ago Reynolds discoved their illicit relations, since which time he has been on Moore's trail. After he had fired the fatal shot he poured two more bullets into the dead man's body, then ran to the jail and gave himself up.

Historical Bible.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—It is said that Mr. Cleveland on taking the oath, which will be administered by Chief Justice Fuller, will take it on the Bible which he used on being sworn in in 1885, by the late Chief Justice Waite. The Bible is the one used by Mr. Cleveland's mother in all her married lifetime, and on her death it became the most cherished heirloom of her illustrious son. On its well-worn pages he was also sworn in as governor of New York on Jan. 1, 1882.

Is Sick of John L. S.

DULUTH, Minn., Feb. 28.—James J. Corbett has arrived here from Minneapolis and is nearly recovered from his recent illness. When shown the St. Louis interview of John L. Jullivan, he said: "I do not care to talk about Sullivan. I am sick of him and he is beneath my notice. I thought when I whipped him fairly and squarely that he would take his medicine like a square sportsman, but he has turned out differently and I am through with him."

Must Have a Union Card.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Feb. 28.—Every employe at the mills of the Hubbard Iron company not a member of the Amalgamated association has been discharged and the works are standing idle until the vacancies can be filled. An official of the company says that the vacancies will be filled as rapidly as possible and operations resumed.

Flouring Mill Destroyed.

FLINT, Mich., Feb. 28.—The Thread flouring mill was totally destroyed by fire together with a small frame house occupied by Myron Cole, which was set on fire by the shower of burning embers. The mills were among the best equipped in the state. Loss, $75,000; insurance, $25,000.

Vetoed by the President.

WASHINGTON, Feb 28.—The president returned to the house Monday without his approval a bill prescribing the number of district attorneys and marshals in the judicial district of the state of Alamaba. This is the first veto of the present session.

Jacob Frautzreb was sentenced at Cincinnati to the penitentiary for three years for obtaining $300 by false pretenses from Alemanna Building association No. 2.

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE

What the Solons Are Doing for the Good of the State.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 22. — The senate yesterday adopted a joint resolution asking congress to equalize and increase the salaries of letter carriers. In the house the Wann disaster committee reported declaring the horror due to incompetent employes and the responsibility with the Big Four. A bill accompanied the report extending the liability of railway companies so as to make them liable for injury to their employes. Resolutions in memory of Justice Scholfield were made special order for Friday.

Nohe wanted the rules suspended and the $5,000 limit bill—repealing the law making $5,000 the limit of damages for loss of a single life in a railway disaster—passed. The speaker sustained a point of order that the bill had not yet been printed and it was improper to consider it now, as as there were committee amendments thereto. ThenNohe moved to make the bill special order for tomorrow and was beaten again, 56 to 36.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 23.—The opinion of the attorney general in answer to the resolution of the senate in regard to the legality of the action of the ex-state auditors and ex-state treasurers, who are alleged to have appropriated to their own use certain fees, emoluments, and interest on public funds, have been prepared. The opinion of the attorney general is against the ex-officials in every instance, and he says that "it would seem strange that any person possessing ordinary intelligence should imagine that such officer was entitled to other compensation than the salary appropriated by law."

The opinion specifically denies the right of the auditor to retain the $5,000 of the insurance department as a perquisite of his office. The attorney general also holds that the auditors have all violated the law in drawing the $5 per day as ex-officio members of the state board of equalization. He says that there is no doubt of the state's right to recover the monies improperly retained, and that in compliance with the recent instructions of Acting Governor Gill he will this week institute legal proceedings against ex-State Treasurer Edward S. Wilson and his bondsmen to recover interest on the public funds, but that he hesitates to begin suits against other ex-officials at the time on account of insufficiency of evidence.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 24.—The senate yesterday recommitted the bill appropriating $50,000 to the state Horticultural, Beekeepers' and Dairymen's associations for a World's fair exhibit. The committee had reported adversely. The bill for coupons to Australian ballots was sent to third reading, as was the bill providing that juries to inquire into the cases of idiots and spendthrifts be composed of six instead of twelve persons. A joint resolution for an investigation of the whisky trust was adopted—39 to 1—Wall being the single negative.

In the house Nohe tried to get up his $5,000 limit bill under suspension of the rules, but it was ruled out of order. He tried it again when he was in order, but the house refused—67 to 54—to suspend the rules. The calendar was cleared of senate bills on first reading, and then a communication was recevied from the attorney general stating that he can find none of the books, papers or vouchers of the auditor's and treasures's offices which would show how much money had been received by those officials which is now claimed they were not entitled to. These missing books run back for twenty years, and without them the attorney general can not know how much money to sue the ex-auditors and ex-treasurers for.

These missing books are those which Pavey declares to be the private property of the officials. The attorney general, however, says he has some evidence against the late treasurer, Wilson, the nature of which he will not communicate as it would not be discreet, and he suggests to the legislature that it can order an investigation that will bring out all the facts needed in all the cases. The matter was laid over for two weeks. A series of questions was adopted to be asked the attorney general. The pith of them is included in the queries: Have not the auditors of state been taking more than their allowance? and what legislation is needed to stop it? The joint resolution for an inquisition into the whisky trust was adopted 119 to 12.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 25.—The governor yesterday sent to the senate the following nominations which were confirmed: D. J. A. Vincent, member of the state board of health, to succeed Dr. R. Ludlam. Board of trustees of the Illinois Eastern Hospital for the Insane: J. W. Orr, Tuscola, to succeed John L. Donovan, resigned; Edmond Still, of Clinton, to succeed Ezra B. McCagg, resigned; F. D. Radeke, of Kankakee, to succeed Walter W. Todd, resigned. A resolution was adopted setting apart Wednesday, March 8, as the time to consider as a special order the resolution providing for an amendment to the constitution in reference to the revenue system. The resolution providing for investigating the Whisky trust was made special order for the same day.

There was a good deal of filibustering and little business could be done. In the house a number of members complained of committees meeting without a quorum and transacting business in a surreptitous manner and to express its objection to such proceedings the house recommitted several bills which had been considered. Resolutions of respect for the late Justice Scholfield were adopted after a number of eulogistic speeches had been made. A resolution was referred calling upon congress to give every honorably discharged Union soldier a pension. Bills were introduced by the Wann investigating committee to regulate everything connected with the cause of that disaster.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 27.—A conference of Democratic members of the legislature was held last week and an agreement reached as to a bill to apportion the senate and assembly districts. This will be submitted to a Democratic caucus this week. Chicago gets fifteen districts. Representatives James J. Anderson has prepared a bill which he will submit to Governor Altgeld before introducing. The bill provides that one of the penitentiaries shall be set aside as a reform prison and is in accordance with the views of Governor Altgeld as expressed in his message.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 28.—The senate did no business yesterday. In the house a resolution was referred providing that no bills be introduced after March 18, except under suspension of the rules. A bill has been prepared locating the state fair permanently at Aurora, and appropriating $115,000.

The annual convention of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education society is in session at Chicago with a large attendance. The society has spent $4,500,000 since it has been in existence.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

Events of the Week Given to the Reader in Condensed Form.

Mr. Gladstone claims direct descent from Henry III, King of England, and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland.

In Brown county, Indiana, Dauphin Moore shot his uncle, William Moore, who will die.

The penalty for smoking a cigarette in Michigan will be a $50 fine or thirty days in jail if the senate passes the bill which the house has already approved.

Miss Mollie Neilson of Hamilton, O., who fasted fifteen days last November, wants to fast thirty days in the interest of science.

Thomas Hamilton, aged 14, is under bond at Lebanon, Ind., for forging his uncle's name to checks for $60.

Ex-Alderman Daniel C. O'Brien's wife has sued him for divorce at Pittsburg because he is an ex-convict.

Sir Richard Owen, the naturalist, left an estate valued at about $175,000.

Regulus O'Keefe, formerly of Ottawa, Can., was cut into a hundred pieces by a train at Logansport, Ind.

* * *

The will of Charles Haas of Oshkosh, Wis., has been sustained. He left all his estate to his second wife and the children contested the will.

The mail steamer Mongolian, which left Liverpool Feb. 9 for Halifax with 400 passengers, is four days overdue.

George Schneider, a joint keeper at Atchison, Kan., has left the country and a warrant is out charging him with the murder of his wife.

Samuel Tullis and Mrs. Rhoda Shortridge were indicted by the grand jury at Newcastle, Ind., for the murder of William Shortridge last November. Shortridge's body was recently examined and traces of arsenical poisoning found.

Cases have been filed against the Sioux City, Ia., police force, charging it with refusing to return the money taken from prisoners when the latter were released.

Mrs. Charles Peterson of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., left her two children in her home and went visiting. The house was burned and one child with it. The other child cannot recover.

* * *

J. C. Hill & Co. of St. Paul have purchased 22,000,000 feet of logs from Cook Bros. at Oconto, Wis., the price paid being $13.00 per 1,000 feet.

The Yesler will case at Seattle has developed six heirs at Wabash, Ind., who will make a fight for a share of the estate. These heirs are neices and nephews of the millionaire.

Miss Fannie Smith of Crawfordsville, Ind., fainted and fell over a gas stove near which she stood. Her face and neck were badly burned.

A remarkable revival is in progress near Oakland, Ills. Hundreds of people nightly fall into trances and converts are many.

Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender, after devoting nearly four years to work in behalf of temperance measures in congress, has resumed her law practice in London, Neb.

Governor Flower has given his check for $500 to the building fund of the Albany Girl's academy.

* * *

O. D. Conklin, conductor of the freight train which caused the wreck near Schreve, O., Sept. 21, 1892, in which eleven lives were lost, is under arrest at Wooster, O.

Joseph Zetzoch undertook to drink two quarts of alcohol for a wager of $2 at Johnstown, Pa. He drank one quart and was eating some sausage when he fell dead.

James J. Brown of St. Ignace, Mich., has been nominated for the circuit bench of the Thirty-third district.

Daniel Patchell, 10 years old, has been convicted of murder in Fort Smith, Ark.

Three masked men robbed the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad office at Choteau, I. T. The American Express company is a heavy loser.

J. E. Brown, a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy telegraph operator at Lisle, Ills., was run over and killed by a train.

The new English coinage is now being minted. Designs of the queen's head indicate that she is portrayed as the mature woman and dignified matron that Great Britain's sovereign truly is.

Emile Zola says that from his deathbed, if there were a vacancy in the French academy, he would offer himself as a candidate.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England will probably visit this country during the World's fair. He was here in 1883, and was then a tall, spare man of 63 years.

* * *

T. A. Anderson of Carroll county, Miss., shot and killed James McMahon, who was one of a party of whitecaps. Anderson had a preliminary hearing and was discharged.

At Hahnville, La., a negro named Underwood was hanged for murdering Oscar Lamon, white.

Uncle Abijah Walden, who was a coast guard in 1812, celebrated his 100th birthday in Lynn, Mass. His fellow townsmen presented him with 100 silver dollar.

Certain Washington gossips declare that Judge Gresham, when he becomes secretary of state, will keep Colonel Frederick D. Grant in the Austrian mission, owing to his affection for the latter's father.

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of

Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores." HARRY E. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, reliable, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. 25c.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 4, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Ramsay Morris' Comedy Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Francis Wilson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Aristocracy."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The White Squadron."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Masked Ball."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Hallen & Hart.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

FUSTIAN "PATRIOTISM."

The *Irish Times*, Dublin, of recent date, says: Major-General Sir G. Stewart White, V. C., K. C. B., K. C. I. E., the newly-appointed commander-in-chief in India, in succession to Lord Roberts, was the recipient of a valuable presentation from the county of Antrim. The ceremony took place in the Record court of the county court house, under the presidency of Sir Francis Macnaghten, lord lieutenant of the county, and in the presence of a large and fashionable assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. The court was decorated with flags and bannerets, while in the entrance hall the band of the Lancashire Fusiliers was stationed, and rendered a selection of music"

So it appears that General White has succeeded another Irishman, Roberts, as commander of the Empress of India's mercenary troops in Hindostan. These Anglo-Irish are, it must be admitted, an able and a warlike breed. What a pity that their skill and courage cannot be utilized for the glory of their native land! "The presentation," says the *Irish Times*, "was displayed on a dais raised over the witness-box of the court. It consisted of three massive Queen Anne bowls, two antique Irish design harp handle cups, a twenty-six-inch Queen Anne tray, and two very handsome table lamps, standing thirty inches high, all in solid silver. Each of the pieces was most artistically engraved and bore inscriptions and the recipient's arms, with the motto, 'Honeste Parta.' The tray was of beautiful design, elaborately chased and bearing the following inscription: 'Presented to Major-General Sir George White, V. C., K. C. B., K. C. I. E., by the County of Antrim on his appointment as Commander-in-Chief in India, January, 1893. The plate, weighing in all 650 ounces, was supplied from the firm of Messrs. Gibson & Co., Belfast."

Several speeches were made the most notable being that of the Marquis of Londonderry, who said, among other things, "I can assure Sir George White, that we in the county Down fully recognize the fact that his duties and responsibilities prevented him from dwelling in the county Antrim, as we should have liked him to do, for many years past; and I can assure Sir George White that there are none in the county of Down, or in the province of Ulster, who have not known and heard of the deeds and doings of the brave Sir George White, and who have not gloried in the fact that they can look on him as one of themselves, and are proud to see him. When he comes amongst them, as at present, the recipient of their generosity, or as one of the greatest soldiers that England has ever turned out, we in Ulster, and I will say in all parts of Ireland, will ever accord him a hearty and cordial welcome. [Applause.] It did not need Lord Templetown or Captain McCalmont to remind them of the great things for which Sir George White's name is known, and which have brought honor to our country. All of us have felt and appreciated his great courage in Afghanistan, and not only his courage, but also the tact he showed in the responsible position he occupied in Burmah, and in bidding him God speed today I don't think he can add to his past laurels; but he can and will maintain them, and that is all he should be asked to do. [Applause.] I think one of the speakers alluded to the wisdom of the powers that be in appointing him to the great and responsible position, which he is shortly to be called upon to occupy. I say that the powers that be have always shown the greatest wisdom in many cases during the past few years in placing Irishmen in posts of responsibility and honor. [Applause.] The predecessor of Sir George White, whose name is so well known—Lord Roberts—[applause]—hails, I believe, from the county Waterford, while at the present moment the gentleman who fills the nigh post of viceroy of India is an Irishman whose name is connected with one of the most important counties in the South of Ireland, and you have only to look to Down and ask is there a name more respected in the county than that of Lord Dufferin. [Loud applause.] I know I can say, though not an Antrimman, on behalf of the people of Antrim, that you regret that the responsibilities attaching to Lord Dufferin's high diplomatic position prevents his spending that time in the county of Down, and in the neighborhood of Belfast, in which his name is a household word, that we should all desire. [Applause.] It is not for me, as a county Down man, to venture to welcome you when you come back again when your term has elapsed, but I, as a county Down man, join with his friends in Antrim in speeding the parting, as we shall five years hence welcome the coming guest; and may I go further and say that, though absent, you will be constantly in our thoughts—[hear, hear]—and a man of your courage, who has won a world-wide reputation, will not be forgotten, and, though lost to sight, you will be to memory dear. [Applause.] May I say it is an advantage in an insuperable degree to be able to point to the younger generation and show them that there are men in Ireland and in Ulster who have made a name for themselves and a name for their country in the annals of the world!"

The Marquis of Londonderry has bad blood in his veins—he is of the family of the infamous Castlereagh—but he is evidently possessed of a certain spurious kind of patriotism, which might become the genuine article under nationalizing influences. General White may be "one of the greatest soldiers that England has ever turned out"—how could England "turn him out," Senor Marquis, when he was first turned out in Ireland?—but he is by no means one of the greatest that she ever "turned out of" Ireland. Among the latter we may mention Marshal Lacy, of Russia; Marshal Brown, of Austria; Marshal O'Donnell, of Spain; Marshal MacMahon, of France; General Andrew Jackson and General Philip Sheridan, of America, and many more whose forefathers, if not themselves, were driven from Ireland by the operation of English laws, sustained by the swords of the Whites, the Stewarts, the Robertses, the Beresfords, the Wellesleys, and the rest of that race of human cockatrices. We suppose that, when Ulster rebels against Home Rule, Sir George White will take command of the Orange army, with Colonel Saunderson as chief of staff.

THE EMMET CELEBRATION.

The gathering of Irish Nationalists to be held at Central Music Hall in honor of the natal anniversary of Robert Emmet, Saturday evening, March 4, promises to be one of the greatest and most attractive demonstrations ever held in that popular place of assembly. The literary and musical programme is excellent, and patriotic addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Father Finn and the Hon. John Gibbons.

LORD DUNRAVEN AGAINST "HOME RULE."

As might be expected Lord Dunraven, who distinguished himself as a cowboy in this country a few years ago, is against the Home Rule bill. He addressed a Unionist meeting in Ulverstone recently on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill. "Should the bill ever go into operation," he said, "social and commercial anarchy would rule supreme in Ireland. As everybody knew, Ireland was poor and practically without capital. Under the Home Rule plan British capital would be driven from the country as fast as the owners could extricate it from business. After a few years of legislation by an Irish parliament not a British firm or landlord would be found in Ireland, the country would be bankrupt, and would hang a dead weight upon the imperial parliament at Westminster."

His "ludship" is entirely off. All the British capital that came into Ireland since the Union doesn't amount to a "bawbee" in comparison with what has been drained away from her a hundred fold by absentee landlords and imperial taxes. Between both, she has lost, on an average, $116,000,000 a year since her parliament was destroyed. We would like to know how much "British capital" is tied up in Ireland at present. Lord Dunraven insults his country when he presupposes that she cannot do better for herself than foreigners can. Lord Dunraven is, politically considered, a disgrace to the respectable name of O'Quin, which is, we believe, his family patronymic.

SMALLEY, THE CAD, BREAKS LOOSE AGAIN.

Smalley, of the New York *Tribune*, still continues his bitter attacks upon Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure, writing, as has become habitual, with this "American"-Tory cad from the standpoint of coercionist and Unionist. He is now engaged in patting that firecracker descendant of the base and brilliant Marlborough, Lord Randolph Churchill, on the back. "Randy," who is suffering from ossification of the liver, or something of the kind, has made two fierce onslaughts on Gladstone in the house of commons—one in connection with the Home Rule bill, and another in relation to the disestablishment of the absurd Welsh church, to which five-sixths of the inhabitants of Wales, who are non-conformists, pay reluctant tribute. There was only one more unjust established church than that of Wales—the Irish church which Gladstone abolished some twenty years ago. No sensible man, of any country or of any creed, in this enlightened age of the world; believes in making people pay for a form of religion in which they do not believe. It is just as irrational as to compel a patient to swallow medicine that is prescribed for another. This absurdity exists nowhere outside of Great Britain.

In all other countries where there are churches by law established—ridiculous institutions they are, under any circumstances—a majority of the people belong to the creeds so subsidized by parliamentary enactment. Now, if Ireland had a right to get rid of her establishment, Wales certainly has an equal right, and the Irish are, and ought to be, with the Welsh in their struggle to throw off the unnatural burden. But Smalley is a man of such constipated "liberality" that he is opposed to anything in the way of British, not to speak of Irish reform. No long descended member of the house of peers is more conservative in his way of thinking than this degenerate son of the land of the free. He is scandalized at Gladstone's concessions to Ireland and his correspondence to Mr. Whitelaw Reid's *Tribune* would make excellent reading matter in the columns of the London *Times*. But here is what the disgusting cad has to say for himself, under date London, Feb. 25:

"Seldom has any ministry a majority in parliament which a transfer of eighty votes would not convert into a minority. Mr. Gladstone's scheme for the retention of the Irish at Westminster makes them on this, as on all other vital questions, the masters of the house of commons. If he provides a safeguard against Dublin with one hand he takes it away with the other. It is the same with the provision that the viceroy or an English secretary of state may submit any act of the Irish legislature to a judicial committee of the privy council to decide whether it be beyond the powers of the Irish legislature. The viceroy cannot do it against the advice of his Irish cabinet. An English secretary of state can only do it at the risk of seeing the imperial ministry, of which he is a member, driven from office.

"Turn which way you will the Dublin parliament is left practically supreme. The limitations upon its authority are paper limitations. They might be operative if they were automatic, but they depend in every case upon the acts of ministers who themselves depend on Irish votes. Mr. Gladstone had a model ready to his hand in the United States Constitution and the United States Supreme Court. The process by which a law comes before the Supreme Court is in the true sense automatic and democratic. Every citizen whose rights are affected by any law may question its constitutionality before the courts. There is no such provision and no such power in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill, and the want of it makes his limitations illusory and his guarantees unworkable.

"His Dublin parliament is, and if it ever comes into being, will remain independent. The sole security of the empire is the security of force, and the application of force would mean the reconquest of Ireland. It might be thought simpler, if matters had not gone too far, to repeal the statute creating this independent parliament should the Irish at Westminster, eighty strong, think fit to allow it to be repealed. It might be simpler still not to pass it.

"The Welsh meeting or threat of a meeting has been crowned with success. The little knot of resolute fanatics proved strong enough to coerce the government and to compel Mr. Gladstone to postpone everything except the Home Rule bill to Welsh disestablishment. The pressure put on the ministry was notorious enough to give point and sting to Lord Randolph Churchill's question, "Do you call this a government? Whom do you govern?" And since the house likes to have points put clearly he added: "One day the government is at the mercy of the Irish party, another day it is at the mercy of the Welsh party, and on a third day, yet to come, it will be at the mercy of a Scotch party." * * *

"That is not all. Lord Randolph Churchill always had a gift of drawing the old parliamentary hand. He drew him Thursday night. He not only made a telling and weighty speech of his own, he was the direct cause of a telling and weighty speech from Mr. Gladstone. Lord Randolph Churchill had recited passage after passage from former speeches of Mr. Gladstone opposing what he now supported and defending what he now attacked. Nothing makes the great gladiator so angry, and he is often, oratorically speaking, at his best when he is angry.

"He was stung into adopting Lord Randolph's account of his policy, and, turning round to his supporters behind him, he cried: "Yes, I do say vote, vote, vote, both for Welsh disestablishment and for Home Rule." He contradicted Lord Randolph, lectured him, rebuked him, stormed at him, and told him that he was totally ignorant of the facts. You will have noticed before now that when facts are adduced not squaring with Mr. Gladstone's policy the speaker guilty of this presumption runs the risk of being told that he knows nothing about the matter. It was a fine performance altogether."

Our readers will observe how Smalley calls the Welsh members, who are fighting for disestablishment, a "little knot of resolute fanatics." Who knows more about the question at issue, Mr. Smalley or the Welsh? It seems rather singular that Mr. Whitelaw Reid should commit a section of the staff correspondence of his newspaper to practical alliance with the British Tories. Shade of Horace Greeley!

HARRISON DEFEATS HESING.

The Democratic city convention met in Central Music Hall on Tuesday, and placed in nomination the following ticket: For mayor, Carter H. Harrison; for treasurer, Michael J. Bransfield; for city clerk, Charles D. Gastfield; for city attorney, George A. Trude. Brothers Harrison and Hesing and their different supporters had a most riotous time, during which much unparliamentary language was indulged in. Brother A. W. Green's penetrating voice was quelled in the uproar, and it is reported that he smashed three stalwart gavels and a couple of stout walking canes in seeking to restore order. Finally Brother Hesing, after giving his opinion of the convention and its evident candidates in no measured terms withdrew, with the intimation that he and his followers would be heard from later on. It is generally believed that Brother Hesing will carry out his implied threat of being an independent candidate. Meanwhile, the Republicans are taking heart, and will undoubtedly nominate a strong ticket. Mayoral candidates on that side are spoken of in about the following order: Lyman J. Gage, John M. Smyth, James A. Sexton, Arthur Dixon, John A. Roche, Charles B. Farwell, George R. Davis, Louis Wulff, George B. Swift, M. B. Madden. The Republican convention will be held at an early date.

MR. FINERTY'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Mr. John F. Finerty, editor of THE CITIZEN, will speak this (Saturday) evening at the Emmet celebration in Pawtucket, R. I.; in Lowell, Mass., on Sunday evening, March 5, and in Lynn, Mass., on Monday evening, March 6.

THE English Tories want to know, you know, what the blooming Yankees want with raising flags over vessels once owned by "'er majesty," ye know. In the house of commons, on Monday night, the cable man informs us that "William G. Cavendish-Bentinck, conservative, member from Penryn, Falmouth, and Flushing, asked whether the attention of the admiralty had been called to a recent celebration at New York, at which President Harrison was present, when the flag of a steamship that had been built and subsidized as the queen's cruiser had been changed and the flag of the United States hoisted in its stead. Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck also wanted to know whether the admiralty would henceforth prevent such a proceeding. The Rt.-Hon. Sir Ukay-Shuttleworth, secretary to the admiralty, replied that there was nothing to prevent the transfer of a British mercantile cruiser to a foreign country after the period for which a subsidy had been granted it had elapsed."

SEVERAL petty attempts have been made by the Tories and "Liberal-Unionists" to "sidetrack" the Home Rule bill. Mr. Gladstone, to set the matter at rest made a motion on Monday night that Tuesdays and Fridays the house meet at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and that the government business, especially the second reading of the Home Rule bill, have precedence over all other business. Mr. Henry Seton-Karr (Conservative), member for St. Helen's, moved that Gladstone's proposition be rejected. He accused the Liberal leader of scheming to rush business through. Mr. Gladstone's proposal was carried by a majority of 42, the vote standing 270 in favor to 228 against it. This result, very probably, indicates about the net majority Gladstone will be able to muster when the bill comes up for final passage.

A CABLEGRAM, dated Belfast, Feb. 27, says: "A great demonstration was made by Ulster Unionists in Belfast this evening. Sir Daniel Dixon, lord mayor, presided at the meeting and spoke at length against the Home Rule bill. Feb. 13, the day on which Mr. Gladstone introduced the bill, and Feb. 25, he said, the total decline of Irish railway stocks and other securities had been £1,845,750. A resolution denouncing the plan to give Ireland a separate legislature was unanimously adopted." These Ulster swashbucklers are always bluffing. The fall of railway stocks in Ireland will not seriously injure the people. Most of the stockholders are their natural enemies.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M. Talbot," City—Ireland sends 103 members to the British parliament.

"An Irish College Man"—Next week.

LITERARY.

A powerful Irish epic by Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke, author of "Robert Emmet," a tragedy of Irish History. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke, of New York, author of the exquisite drama, "Robert Emmet," which has never received from the Irish race the recoguition it deserves, has added yet another leaf to the chaplet of Irish literary renaissance, in the production of a powerful Irish epic, or metrical romance, called "Malmorda." The story of the epic belongs to the period of the Danish invasions, and is powerfully narrated. The whole plot hinges on the fierce love of two men for the same woman, Torcala, wife of Asculp, the Dane, captured in bloody strife by Malmorda, the young king of Hy-Cualan, who, apparently, is a Christian with Pagan leanings. He reveals all his love to his trusty clansman, Angus, and then describes the Danish bride, as she appeared to him after the capture of the Danish galley:

"Down under deck, among the dead
I groped
To where I knew the cabin of the king
Must be, and first brake in. Mine eyes
grew large.
There in a royal chamber hung with
silk,
And heaped with down-soft rugs, I saw
a foe
My thought had never dreamed. A
woman 't was,
And oh! for all the gold of the Ard
Righ,
For all the pearls of all the sea maids
fair,
I would not barter that first glance on
her.
Against the silken curtains standing
out,
Whose gathered folds she grasped with
firm right hand,
Her lithe, ripe form in shimmery, clinging white
Rose queenlike, and her red-gold hair
fell waved
About her neck and o'er her half-hid
breast;
But most her eyes that blue to violet
burned
Did fix me. Wide they glared, not terror-lit
Nor flaming in defiance, but in question.
She saw my sword gore-dripping and her
glance
Said, 'Whose?' I answered, 'Sitric's,'
and she said
In clearest speech, 'Not Asculp's?' 'Lady,
no.'
I said. She shook the glory of her hair,
With what wild thought I knew not in
her brain,
Half smiled, and then, as if to be resolved,
Again made question, 'Sitric's? Thou
art sure?'
'Ay, Sitric's,' said I in their Ostman
speech,
'Art thou his queen?'
'No, no, I'm Asculp's wife,
Hast slain him?' "

Mr. Clarke paints his characters with a master hand. One lives again in the days of those fierce conflicts between Norsemen and Celt, and the too forgiving character of the Irish race is well illustrated in the passage which describes the fall of Asculp, and the mercy extended by Malmorda to the few surviving warriors of his band.

"Now, as of gathering mist, with through
it here
And there a sullen star faint glimmering,
A desperate Ostman ten, the last unslain,
Breathless and bloody, form the viking
ring—
That ring of steel, where, back to back,
shield locked
To shield and bare blades lifted high,
the brave
May die hope-lorn, but death is deified.

"Around them, as of star-flecked mist,
too, four
Dim lines of spearmen close with foreborne shields.

"'Down with your swords, or die!'
'Tis Angus calls.
No answer comes from out the ring of
shields.
Then speaks Malmorda, who amid the
dead
Still stands on guard by Asculp, seeing
all:—
'Hold, clansmen; Angus, hold!'
The lines, grown tense,
As straining for the charge, relax, and
clear
In Ostman tongue rings out;—
'I take no prisoners.
Asculp, your Jarl, has fallen by my
hand.
I spoil him not. Throw down your
swords, and on
Your shields, brave Ostmen, bear him to
Duv-linn.
I have ta'en all that man can take from
him.
You have Malmorda's pledge.'
A bitter laugh
From out the ring of Danes is heard, and
one
Voice mutters 'Torcala,' whereat Malmorda grasps
His ax. Then rise rough murmurs from
the kernes,
Who know not Danish speech, and know
not ruth;
But one stout Dane strides forth and
flings his sword
Upon the sward, the others following,
And silent taking rank by two and two.
Uplift old Asculp's body on their shields.
With wondering eyes to thus depart in
peace
They pass slow-footed down the hill, the
stars
Alone to guide their steps, and from the
sea
Below a deep-toned thunder coming
faint."

Malmorda, before the fall of Asculp, had slain, in a fit of anger, a holy hermit, who refused to unite him to the wife of the Northman. Remorse pursues him even in victory, and his heart is laden down with ominous gloom. A something tells his soul that Torcala and his home are in danger. He mounts his battle horse, and rides fiercely toward the goal of his hopes and fears. Is there not something of unusual poetic fire and strength in the grand passages which describe a portion of that "hot and headlong ride?"

"Fail me not now, my steed; I'm needed
there.
Straight for the flames we'll ride.
Across the path
The blazes leap. Swerve not! Thou
fear'st not fire:
Thou bearest it in bearing me. The hot
Black smoke, the sparks that show'r, the
roaring flames
Are not more terrible than I.
No, no
We cannot face that hell of flame. We
must
Bear windward, fronting it. Yes, the
dark path
That winds up by the northern slope
must yet
Be safe. See the great blackened trunks
fall prone,
Each sending up more sparks than there
are stars.
'Stars! the sweet eyes of Torcala! stars!
stars!
Now upward; thou hast nobly done,
good horse,
'T will widen soon: see there an open
space.
Oh, stagger not. On, on!
Why halt'st thou now,
Snorting in fright, mane-lifted, throwing back,
Thou who dared'st fire? At thy feet a
corse!
To earth!
Ha, fleest thou to the fire, poor steed,
Rather than stay by me? Yet fear I not;
Malmorda 's equal to his fate alone."

His fears are only too well founded, for Asculp, before his encounter with Malmorda, had landed on another part of the coast, and wreaked his jealous fury on the unfortunate Torcala in the castle of the Irish king. The rage and despair of the fiery Celtic lover are splendidly described:

"I do not find her, though around her
bower,
I search, heart-leaping, fearing every
corse
Be hers.
The fight went this way up, still up,
A bitter fight, up to the topmost rock.
This pile of dead close-locked! Over
their faces
Must I stride. There, there in the fire-light full,
Above them all, her robe! 'Tis she! O
God!
Her face so white, her staring eyes!
Torcala!
Malmorda calls thee. Torcala! White
Angel,
Hear me! O Torcala! Dead! Dead
among dead!
O hell-sent furies, ravening bloody dogs,
Would ye again had breath that I again
Might slay ye still more bloodily! My
heart,
My heart! Would that their spears had
pierced it ere
It strangled in this suffocating pain!
Torcala, I come to thee! Oh, for one
Heart-beat hear me!
Did her eyes move? Did a smile
Flit o'er her face? Closer! I saw 't but
now.
Madness! 'T is but the shadows flickering
In the flames. O Torcala! Torcala!
Gone, gone from me!
Thy hand cold, and thy brow.
Thy heart? Ah, there an Ostman dagger's plunged.
Asculp's! His winged raven for a hilt.
Out tool, hell-forged, and rust in Irish
earth;
Thou'lt blight forever him who touches
thee.
The hand that drave thee soon grew
weak and white,
And I am marked for doom who plucked
thee forth.
That little matters now. There's none
to kill,
And none to love in all the world for
me;
Yes, none to hate—I who have killed
and loved
Unto the fill."

The awful climax of the tragedy finds expression in passages that are painfully powerful, thus:

"Gray Asculp was the first to follow
her.
He heard the priest's words in his heart
and came
And owned her long enough to strike his
blade
Into her breast, so none could hold her
more.
Ostman, dead Ostman, she is thine, and I
Am food for Norseland's ravens! Priest,
calm priest
Thy words are true—'to hold is not to
have.'
My skein shall write them deep upon my
heart!
Stream up, ye flames, whose tongues
lick up the live,
And leave it dead! Death has been here
before you.
Nought of green luscious life you'll find;
but husks,
The souls all gone—one lovely corse, and
one
Whose soul had lofty dreams; who sets
him free
By one stroke of a blade.
Set free? Then she
Too has the freedom of the stars. My
love,
The vasts of space shall not bar me from
thee,
Art thou not hovering in the deep blue
calm
Above the fire—a lone star among stars—
Eager awaiting me? I come.
'Tis done!
O skein, thou hast cut all my doubt
away?
O love, who died'st for me, I die for
thee
As Asculp died!
He cannot share that kiss.
There, there upon thy brow, love,
Torcala!"

IMPORTANT.

An industrious Catholic lady or gentleman to represent our new book just published, "The Columbian Jubilee, or, Four Centuries of Catholicity in America." Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago. Write for circulars and all information to the publishers.

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HONORING BLAINE.

Great Memorial Mass Meeting Held at the Auditorium on Tuesday Evening.

Speeches by Hon. Lyman Trumbull, General Harlow, Lawrence Harmon, John F. Finerty and John M. Thurston.

The Blaine Memorial Mass Meeting, held at the Auditorium last Tuesday evening, was a most impressive and creditable event, and THE CITIZEN greatly regrets that it cannot present to its readers the proceedings in full. The chair was occupied by that eminent patriot and statesman, the Hon. Lyman Trumbull. As the gathering was entirely non-partisan, men of all political creeds, and their families, were present. It was a most brilliant and memorable scene, from the opening to the close of the exercises.

Gen. George H. Harlow called the meeting to order, and, in a few well-chosen remarks, introduced Judge Trumbull to preside. The distinguished chairman made a speech worthy of the occasion and of himself. In concluding his remarks he said: "Mr. Blaine was bold, aggressive, and ready at all times to defend his own and his country's honor. In the last year of his life, when, in impaired health, he was called to mourn the loss of loving children, he had the sympathy of all our people, whether former friends or foes; but most of all our sympathies are now due to that devoted and faithful woman, the companion of all his mature years, who was the sharer of his fame and the partaker of all his joys and sorrows, upon whom he often leaned for support, and who is now left desolate, not alone to mourn the loss of children, but of him who was the pride of her life. But I must not detain you. Others are here to speak in language far more eloquent than any poor words of mine of the virtues, the daring, the noble deeds, and the heroic acts of that great popular orator and statesman, the lamented Blaine."

The following resolution was then adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the chairman of this meeting appoint a committee of 100 representative men, whose duty it shall be to select the proper men to constitute a board of managers of a Blaine Monument Association, to be incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, to take charge of the raising of funds, the procuring of a proper design, the erecting and maintaining of a monument to the late James G. Blaine, in the Lake Front Park, or some other appropriate place in this city."

The Hon. Lawrence Harmon was then introduced and made an impressive speech. He said, in conclusion, "He died as he lived, the great commoner, ever close to the common people of his country, who rank him with the immortals of every land. His life and services constitute some of the brightest chapters in our country's history. The notable events in the life just closed should therefore be remembered by his countrymen, and on the principal anniversary of the honors he has won will no doubt in due time be patriotically commemorated. No man was personally loved so much by his associates who differed from him in political belief. He possessed not only the faith and trust, but the love of many millions of his countrymen who had never even seen or heard him. The great ones of earth vied with each other at his funeral to do him honor. Standing in spirit by his newly made grave let us drop a tear to the memory of this man, who was the transcendant presence amid the giants of his time." (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. Harmon then red the memorial, which was unanimously adopted.

MR. FINERTY'S SPEECH.

Judge Trumbull then introduced John F. Finerty, who spoke, in substance, as follows:

The speeches that have already been delivered, and the memorial that has been read, have rendered details in the career of the dead statesman whose memory we have met to honor needless. This generation is too near to the days of Blaine to do him full justice. His is a fame that will grow with time. As years roll on the fame of Blaine will grow brighter and brighter until it will become a general regret that this country did not honor itself by honoring him with the highest office within the gift of men, and thus giving him an opportunity to have become the most brilliant of all the presidents. (Loud cheers.)

He lived in an age of intellectual giants and was a participator in legislation that followed in the track of civil conflict and changed the destiny of the republic. He was not a warrior of the field, but a doctor of the forum, and he delighted more in binding up the wounds of his country than in tearing off the bandages to make them bleed afresh. Strong as a partisan, he was broad as a patriot, and he recognized what was good and forceful in men of diverse opinions. He equally admired Washington, the Federalist; Jefferson, the Democrat, and Lincoln the Republican. (Applause.) Independence was made possible by the sword, the fortitude and the example of Washington. The genius of Jefferson, recognizing the opportune moment, acquired Louisiana from Napoleon, and rid our then Western frontier from the danger of ambitious and aggressive European rivals; the wisdom of Lincoln, more penetrating than even that of the Father of his Country or the author of the Declaration, by the swords of his generals and the stroke of his pen extirpated the social ulcer which irritated passionate men into rebellion against the government of the people, and thus made solid as the everlasting hills the magnificent structure of the American Union. (Prolonged applause.)

He was not insensible to the grandeur and glory of the elder world, but he did not worship the older civilization and leave the shrine of human liberty deserted. He regarded the free institutions of the United States, as the natural outgrowth of the experiences of centuries with other forms of government by preceding generations—the nearest approach to the perfect equality of men who, while venerating liberty, respect authority. He had an abiding faith in the growth of the American idea, and he never could understand why America should not possess outlying portions of her own system with at least as good a right as Europe.

He was never afraid of the extension of territory properly acquired or of commercial interests properly guarded. He hailed the acquisition of Alaska when shallow economists rebuked the foresight of Seward; and his genius opened for our country a mart in the Southern sisterhood of republics from which custom, not right, had hitherto excluded our merchants. He rallied the commonwealths of the South American continent around our commercial system like the planets revolving around the sun. He lifted our Department of State from a condition of degrading moral vassalage to a plane of ideal dignity, and gave friends and foes alike to know that the United States of America ruled her own destinies because of internal strength and not because of foreign toleration. (Long continued applause.)

He was too great a man to be deeply loved by the professional politicians of the country and too good a patriot to be misunderstood by the masses of his countrymen. He did not attain to the highest office in the gift of his country. The eagle flight of his political genius was ever checked by a higher power but not by a superior sagacity; and to have contemplated Blaine in the full strength and majesty of his unique character he should have been placed by the overwhelming suffrages of his countrymen, irrespective of party, in the civic chair ennobled by the incumbency of General Washington and his patriotic successors.

It is meet, indeed, that men of all parties, and more particularly of the two great parties, should meet together here tonight to honor the memory of him who was grossly wronged by a minority of his own party and bitterly fought by a majority of its opponents. In the presence of that majestic memory we can all remember that we are Americans first—anything else that may be proper in our respective circumstances afterward. It is my firm conviction—without charging conspiracy or corruption against any man or body of men—that the honest verdict of the American people was never given against James Gillespie Blaine. (Great applause.)

It was my good fortune to speak with Mr. Blaine from several platforms in Ohio during the great presidential campaign of 1884. Before his arrival matters went on in their usual round; but the moment he touched the soil of the State multitudes of worshippers seemed to start, as if by magic, from the ground. Cities, towns, hamlets, the roads, the hills, the very woods seemed alive with people drawn together by the spell of his voice, and inspired by the loftiness of his sentiments. Men, women and even children risked their lives to grasp his hand, obtain a look of recognition or even hear him speak. As his train proceeded on its way, draped in the national colors, the populace converted every vantage point into a political shrine, and he was compelled to alight and address them from some rustic platform over which the flag he loved proudly floated. I have seen him standing on such a platform, under the October sun, in the midst of a smiling orchard, his soft, brilliant, white hair forming an aureole around his stately head—his wonderful voice sending forth those trenchant sentences which thrilled the American heart such as no other accents had thrilled it since Henry Clay became silent in death. (Prolonged applause.) He was, indeed, the idol of the people, and how he came to be robbed of the laurels accorded him by the popular heart, is one of the mysteries of our political history.

It was the sad fortune of Mr. Blaine to have incurred the enmity of even gifted men who were his political colleagues. In debate, he was more than a Rupert, he was an Ajax, but his rancor ended with his victory. Not so with those he vanquished. They kept arrows in their sleeves for him, and, when opportunity presented, sent them quivering into his flesh. Grievously disappointed as he must have been at repeated and unmerited defeats, he never wavered in his loyalty to the party of his choice. He never sulked in his tent, and, in the very shadow of death, his voice was still lifted for the party and the policy he believed in, and for the principles for which, if necessary, he would have gladly died. (Great cheering.) Every candidate of that party had his loyal support. I do not think that the loss of political power affected him so much as the apparent injustice of the people he loved and served so well.

No candidate for presidenttal honors was ever so persecuted as he was. The spy, the blackmailer, the libeler of the domestic hearth all pursued him, but, in spite of all, his fortitude and his patriotism triumphed—nothing could alienate from him the inmost heart of the great and liberal American people. (Great applause.)

Yes, in spite of the malignants, his genius wore the civic crown, and the defeat in which his presidential hopes went down deprived him of supreme power, not of national prestige. He lived long enough afterward, at the head of the State Department, to make the American people regret the political disaster which deprived them of his services in a higher capacity.

His great heart ever sympathized with all that might make his country greater still. He touched our history with a pencil of light. He taught us that we had no need to crouch before any foreign power, when our rights were invaded; or to apoligize for the assertion of our national privileges in any quarter of the world. He lived to see the flag of America transferred to the peaks of a line of mighty steamships—the precursors of an American merchant marine that will yet cover all the oceans with our commerce; (applause) and besides he saw grow, what his loving care had well-fostered, the nucleus of a mighty navy on both our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. Our flag floating above—their guns bristling below, the fitting nursery for a race of American sailors, who, in case of need, would be the worthy successors and rivals in glory of those Paladans of the sea—Barry and Paul Jones, Perry and MacDonough, Porter and Farragut. (Enthusiastic cheers.)

I feel that in speaking thus, I touch the hearts of this truly representative American audience, gathered here to do homage to the memory of as true, and as great an American as ever drew breath upon this soil of freedom. (Renewed applause.)

Like other great Americans he lived to experience the slings and arrows of human incoustancy and unreasonableness. Like the Grecian philosopher, he was accused by the voice of ignorance and condemned by the forces of malignity; but the American Nation will still do him justice and place him in the Pantheon of her gratitude. (Applause.)

I feel, as the hour grows late, that enthusiasm for my subject might hurry me beyond the proper limit, especially as we have here an orator from another state who has come a long distance to pay fitting tribute to him so honored and so mourned by all of us. I can, then, but say, in concluding, that I hope, from the core of my heart, that America, in future emergencies of her fate, may find, in the hour of trial, full many a son with a heart as true, a brain as brilliant and a spirit as splendid as those which, in life, warmed, illumined and guided the glorious personality of James Gillespie Blaine. (Enthusiastic cheering, which was again and again renewed.)

The concluding speech was made by the Hon. John M. Thurston, of Nebraska. It was a fine effort, the concluding sentences of which ran thus:

"The later efforts of Blaine's life were devoted to the improvement of our foreign relations; the extension of our commerce; the maintenance and enforcement of our international rights. In all his dealings with foreign nations he maintained the dignity and credit of the United States. Insisting upon ample reparation for every wrong done to American interests, he neither imposed upon the weak nor yielded to the strong.

Only three men have attained the full stature of statecraft in modern times Bismarck, Gladstone and Blaine. Each in his way has contributed greatly to the welfare and progress of civilization. Blaine was the child of the republic, rising of his own endeavor to the highest station; he consecrated his God-given powers to the common people, that liberty, equality, opportunity, and prosperity should be a heritage to every American child and hopeful motherhood the glory of every American home.

To me the character of Blaine is like Tacoma. Rugged and grand, it rises high above the level of the multitude, clear out against the sky of fate. Over the clouds and storms and tempests of human affairs it towers in the sunshine of heaven's indicated will, serenely smiling down upon the world of men a benediction and a blessing to the human race." (Prolonged cheering.)

The chair then announced the committee of one hundred to carry out the provisions of the resolution as follows: Samuel B. Raymond, Josiah L. Lombard, George Birkhoff, Joseph Medill, A. H. Revell, O. G. Foreman., Charles L. Hutchinson, T. W. Harvey, S. W. Allerton, E. G. Keith, W. H. Aldrich, Moses E. Greenebaum, , L. L. Colburn, L. J. Wolf, L. H. Evans, P. D. Armour, J. J. Badenoch, J. Harley Bradley, F. S. Baird, Ephraim Banning, A. M. Billings, R. T. Crane, John Cudahy, E. A. Cummings, W. J. Chalmers, John W. Doane, Joseph Dunlop, N. K. Fairbank, Gen. Charles Fitz-Simons, Harvey L. Goodall, G. H. Harlow, O. F. Fuller, C. D. Hamill, James A. Henry, W. G. Hibbard, H. N. Higinbotham, Leon Hornstein, W. J. Hynes, Dr. E. F. Ingals, Willis J. Jackson, H. H. Kohlsaat, William R. Kerr, C. S. Kirk, D. H. Kochersperger, T. J. Lefens, L. Z. Leiter, Charles S. Baker, M. B. Madden, A. N. Marquis, T. Milchrist, H. B. Mitchell, E. J. Noble, J. W. Nye, R. W. Patterson, J. Irving Pearce, D. H. Pinney, W. D. Preston, Potter Palmer, D. V. Purington, G. W. Pullman, Charles E. Rand, N. B. Ream, Charles T. Yerkes, M. A. Ryerson, S. F. Adalia Satalecki, Peter Schutler, George Schneider, A. O. Sexton, O. S. A. Sprague, George W. Spofford, E. W. Blodgett, Clem Studebaker, Lambert Tree, Peter Van Schaack, John F. Finerty, Hempstead Washburne, John M. Smyth, William Vocke, George S. Willets, Lloyd G. Wheeler, John Worthy, R. S. Martin, John Spry, J. L. Longenecker, William Lorrimer, C. H. Case, I. N. Camp, Dr. D. R. Brown, M. C. Bullock, Marshall Field, Dr. T. N. Jamieson, T. C. Corbin, E. B. Gould, Dr. L. E. Ireland, Arthur Dixon, James W. Brockway, C. L. Rising, Gen. Joseph Stockton, J. F. Chumesero, George R. Davis, Lawrence Harmon.

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Following are some of the comments of the daily press on the Blaine memorial meeting:

STIRRED BY ELOQUENCE.

"The orations were all carefully prepared except one, and that was the speech of John F. Finerty, who carried his audience by storm with a brilliant address, impressively delivered and punctuated by tremendous applause. Mr. Finerty spoke as usual without notes, and in the opinion of his friends made the speech of his life. Up to the time that he was introduced there had been but little to awaken enthusiasm. In a few sentences he had the audience aglow with an appreciation for the character of Blaine, and applause became spontaneous. When he had concluded the scene was something like the old days when men and women threw dignity and reserve to the winds."—*Inter-Ocean, March 1.*

THE RESULT.

"Through the medium of a vast gathering, representative of all creeds, nationalities and political opinions, which filled the Auditorium from stage to vestibule last evening, Chicago's citizens paid a graceful tribute to the memory of James G. Blaine. A huge American banner in all the bravery of the Stars and Stripes swayed gently above the speakers, but festooned across it as a bar sinister that dimmed the glory of the stars was the emblem of mourning.

From beginning to end the scene was an impressive one, striking when the phalanx of upturned faces looked toward the veteran Judge Trumbull, but far more impressive when carried away by the fiery eloquence of John F. Finerty or John M. Thurston the audience with one accord gave vent to enthusiasm with applause that echoed through the galleries and stole through the massive doors to the street outside.

The upshot of the meeting was that probably before the World's Fair gates are closed a monument will be erected to honor the memory of the dead statesman."—*Chicago Herald, March 1.*

"I've tried all sorts of blood-purifiers," said an old lady to a "cutter," "and you can't persuade me that any other Sarsaparilld is as good as Ayer's." There's where she had him. She knew that Ayer's was the best—and so did he, but it paid him better to sell a cheaper brand.

CRITICISING "HOME RULE."

Irish-American Opinion Vigorously Expressed From Lincoln, Neb., and in This City.

Radical Defects in the Proposed Measure Pointed Out.

THE CITIZEN publishes the subjoined expressions of Irish-American opinion as a matter of fair play. We are not aware that Ireland has declared her resolve to accept the Home Rule bill as a final settlement. If she had so declared, her action would certainly be unwise. On the other hand, if she were to entirely reject it, the British Tories, the Irish landlords and the hare-brained Orangemen of Ulster would greatly rejoice. It is always safe to be in opposition to the forces enumerated, and, for this reason, if no other, sincere Irish Nationalists, like Mr. Sutton, Mr. Moore and others, should be slow in expressing too radical dissent. They know that THE CITIZEN is a Separatist paper; that its editor believes in the doctrines of Wolfe Tone and Emmet and Mitchel, not in those of Grattan, or O'Connell or Butt; that he never will believe in any other doctrine than that of an entirely independent Ireland. He feels, if he may say it with modesty, very much about the proposed arrangement as Kossuth does about the settlement between Austria and Hungary; but he desires to see the deadly, constant flow of Ireland's life-blood to this and other countries stopped; and he believes this can be done by the honest action of even a limited Irish parliament. At the present rate of extermination, there would be no Ireland—for it is population that makes a country quite as much as earth and rock and water—left to save within the life of the generation now being born. Therefore, it is that THE CITIZEN makes no opposition to Gladstone's bill. The Irish parliament may act as a bandage to stanch the ebb of its country's heart's blood. Let us all consider this phase of the question well. The cause that has survived persecution is not likely to die of a little restfulness. The Irish nation cannot be so lightly bribed. Wherefore, brethren, let us not raise a barrier, but watch the course of events, put our trust in God, and keep our powder exceedingly dry.—ED. CITIZEN.]

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Mr. John P. Sutton's Views.

[*To the Editor.*]

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 23.—I am one of those strangely constituted natures, it seems, that can never be happy unless I am in opposition to something or somebody. I suppose I was born "agin the government." I have dared to publicly declare my dissatisfaction with Gladstone's Home Rule bill, and have advocated its rejection, if its acceptance should be construed as a final settlement of the long struggle between Ireland and England. Justin McCarthy, T. M. Healy, John Dillon, Michael Davitt and other distinguished members of the British Parliament representing Irish constituencies, have announced to the world that the bill is a magnificent ending of the great international fight. The Catholic hierarchy and priesthood are so pleased with the concession, as it is called, that I should not wonder if they put forward the name of the Grand Old Man for canonization. In America the bill has been received with thunders of applause by the clergy, and what is called the eminently respectable classes of society. When, therefore, I had the reckless temerity to assail the Grand Old Man's masterpiece, I, and those who think as I do, are howled down with all the terse vituperation and scurrilous epithets to be found in the vocabulary of the average editor of a religious newspaper. I must confess Mr. Gladstone's oration was simply grand; and the scene in the British house of commons during its delivery must have been rarely paralleled. The bill is indeed a splendid piece of state craft, and I cannot understand how any Briton who believes in the naked selfishness of British imperial integrity can oppose it. It preserves every attribute of British parliamentary supremacy, gracefully puts a provincial collar around the neck of the fallen Irish nation, gives the Irish people enough of legislative privilege to keep them so occupied, as to divert their attention from the great question of national freedom, hypnotizes the hitherto disaffected Irish all over the world, and leaves opportunity for the Empire to play a trump card in the game of foreign politics. In the interest of England Gladstone has proved himself not only an orator, but the Machiavelli of the nineteenth century.

But now let us be consistent. If an overwhelming array of distinguished persons, headed by the accepted leaders of the Irish people, declare this bill to be a final settlement of Ireland's claims, we, who live in America have no right to object. Neither have we the right to say we accept a certain condition, and act in a manner that belies the meaning of our words.

If McCarthy, Healy, Davitt and their colleagues are the authorized representatives and mouthpieces of the Irish, then they have lowered the national flag. The Union Jack is now the acknowledged flag of the people who live in that geographical division or province of the British Empire called Ireland. The old green flag belongs to the past; and next St. Patrick's Day, it should be carefully folded and placed on the shelf where we have laid the creeds of Tone, Emmet, Grattan and O'Connell. It will be in order now, in compliment to the Grand Old Man, to head our processions with the Union Jack, and invite the British-American Association to participate in the parade. To what end do we now celebrate Emmet's day? Is this so-called Home Rule of Gladstone's bill the measure of liberty for which the hero died? I fear now that having abandoned the "immortal spirit of liberty," and kneeling to the idols of utilitarianism and expediency, there will be many Plunkets to prosecute the men whose principles were once their own. It is not pleasant nor is it profitable to run against the popular current. It gives occasion to the coward and the knave to assail one's motives, and question one's character, but better the friendship of one true man, faithful to his conscientious convictions, than the plaudits of the popularity worshippers who follow a crowd regardless if it be led by a bell-wether or a statesman.

JOHN P. SUTTON.

Mr. J. W. Moore's Opinions.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Feb. 26, 1893.—While the "Home Rule" bill of 1886 was being discussed Gavan Duffy declared that if a similar measure had been proposed when he was engaged in active Irish politics he would have rejoiced and beat a drum on the highways. There are amongst us persons of the Duffy type, who, having remained silent and inactive for many a long year, now appear upon the scene, eulogize Gladstone, praise English magnanimity and try to convince us that but for England's conscience there would be no concessions. I utterly fail to discover how Gladstone's bill can be considered as conferring *de facto* Home Rule. One of our Chicago prophets told us recently that almost simultaneously with the passing of the bill will come a revival of Irish industries. Considering that no powers are given to the proposed parliament to levy a tax on English imports such a statement is absurd and misleading. And, again, the young men of Ireland will have but little voice in the election of either the legislature or assembly. Certain property qualifications are necessary in order to vote, and all who have any knowledge of the financial circumstances of a majority of the young men in the cities, towns and country districts must know that but a small per cent of them will be entitled to vote. This class of young men are Ireland's hope and pride, the right arm of all national efforts, and are ready to make sacrifices for the cause of Ireland.

I am convinced that the proposed "Home Rule" will not only not satisfy Irish national aspirations, but will also create new divisions and jealousies, and, in case certain possible exigencies arise, might prove a decided detriment. But the young people will still remain—the "hillsiders" if you will—the fearless, gallant men who will not stoop to self-abasement, nor barter dear Ireland's birthright for a phantom "Home Rule," nor recognize in any way English insolence and usurpation. They remember Emmet's dying words, and the immortal conditions attached to the writing of his epitaph, and will still fight on until Ireland has a "name and a trade and a flag of her own."

But the great danger will arise if either the new assembly or legislature attempts to prevent the expression of national sentiment. In such an event the "Home Rule" parliament would undoubtedly receive aid and encouragement from the "Empire" parliament. Then a Tory majority after Gladstone's death might impose more insulting and exacting limitations. If the Irish parliament dared to suppress the expression of true national sentiment, thus degenerating into an outpost of English villainy—it might be rightly considered an execrable nuisance and would deserve only contempt. Under the proposed arrangement, England' horse, foot and artillery will remain to dragoon the people, if necessary, and also the "castle," the emblem of Ireland's degradation, together with the abortion named the pivy council, from which body neither honesty nor justice need be expected. Some think it a disloyalty for Irishmen to criticise Mr. Gladstone's bill, but criticised it shall be whoever may feel offended. It is proper for Irishmen to welcome a humane adjustment of tyrranical laws, but obsequiousness is uncalled for. It is amusing to notice how feverishly anxious the men who betrayed and bounded the great Titan of Irish politics—Parnell—to death are to see this bill become law. Parnell, speaking at Cork about two years ago, stated that Mr. Gladstone's "Home Rule" was scarcely worth accepting. If Parnell was alive to-day the whole Irish race would have full confidence that his great ability, good judgment and foresight would render the bill worthy of acceptance. Their record, notwithstanding their honesty, cannot entitle Healy, Dillon and O'Brien to any such consideration.

To my mind the "Home Rule" bill is simply a federal arrangement, adhering closely to the plan that originated in the great brain of Isaac Butt, when in 1870, he started the movement, for which the term Home Rule—so far as his demands were concerned—was a misnomer.

JAMES W. MOORE.

Nature's Surest Ally.

If nature did not struggle against disease, even in weakly constitutions, swift indeed would be the course of a malady to its fatal termination. While nature thus struggles let us, lest worse befall us, aid her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide in battles with disease, and that "clamp to our feet" indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thorough ally of nature. If the blood be infected with bile, if the bowels and stomach are inactive, if the kidneys fail to expel impurities of which they are the natural outlet, a course of the Bitters is the surest reliance of the sufferer, one, moreover, that is sanctioned by professional indorsement and use for nearly half a century. No American or foreign remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy for and preventive of chronic liver complaint, malaria, constipation, kidney and rheumatic trouble and debility.

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Mr. O'Donnell's New Establishment.

Mr. Jeremiah O'Donnell has opened a new place of business at No. 608 Ogden avenue, where he will be happy to see all his old friends, and as many new ones as may choose to patronize him. There is room enough for all, and a "cead mille failte" into the bargain.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN W. HUGHES DECEASED. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified and required to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court to be held at the Probate Court room in the city of Chicago, in said county, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1893 being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 28, 1893.

MARY HUGHES,
Administratrix.

DAVID SULLIVAN, Attorney.

RONDELET.

"Which way he went?"
I know not—how should I go spy
Which way he went?
I only know him gone. "Relent?"
He never will—unless I die!
And then what will it signify
Which way he went?

Say what you please,
But know I shall not change my mind!
Say what you please—
Even, if you wish it, on your knees—
And when you hear me next defined
As something lighter than the wind,
Say what you please!
—Mary Probyn in New York Times.

A FARMER'S LOVE.

Fancy New England farming and common New England farming were represented by two farms that faced each other and were separated by a public road.

The fancy farm showed the effects of much money and a cultivated taste. The house occupied by the owner, who spent only a part of the summer at his country home, was a mansion. There were towers and curious windows, some of them of stained glass, and many architectural oddities such as are often seen in the summer residences of the rich.

At a suitable distance was the home of the manager of the farm. It was smaller and less pretentious than the first dwelling, but was palatial in appearance compared with an ordinary farmhouse.

Near it were the barns, costly and ornamental structures, painted a bright red. The land was divided by handsome and expensive walls and by artistic fences. A herd of 50 pure blooded Jersey cattle and other fancy stock were kept.

The house on the common farm closely resembled the typical "old homestead." The long, rambling roof and the shingled sides were brown and weather beaten. The windows were small, and the panes of glass were many and little. Ancient pictorial curtains designated which room was the parlor.

A long bench beside the back door was covered with shining milkpans. From the deep well water was still drawn by means of an old fashioned well sweep.

Rows of box inclosed a small garden, in which tulips, pinks, forgetmenots, streaked grass, etc., grew in picturesque confusion.

Behind the house was a fine old orchard, which bore an abundance of apples, much of the fruit being better than can generally be obtained from trees in modern nurseries.

There were two large barns, unpainted and uncouth in appearance, but kept in good repair.

The fields, comprising 200 acres—that being also the size of the fancy farm—were separated from each other by rudely piled but substantial stone walls.

The domestic animals on this farm were mostly of the ordinary breeds. Modern labor saving machinery that really did save labor and promoted economy was used, but no money was wasted.

It was a beautiful morning in May. The landscape, clad in luxuriant verdure, was like a pleased child in a new and becoming dress.

The owner of the common farm stood in front of his home and looked with interest at a beautiful girl who was walking from the fine residence opposite along a gravelly path that led to the highway.

That the farmer should prefer to devote his attention exclusively to the maiden rather than to view the landscape generally was not surprising, for he was young and intelligent and withal romantic.

To the farmer's surprise the girl, when she reached the road, did not go down it toward the little village to get the mail. She crossed the highway, and after customary greetings said:

"I have heard so much about the beautiful appearance of your orchard, now that the trees are covered with blossoms, that I would dearly like to see it if you have no objection."

"No objection at all. I shall be glad to show it to you," said Mr. Chadwick, his honest face flushing with pleasure.

They walked into the orchard, and the sight which greeted their eyes caused the maiden to utter exclamations of delight.

There were four long and widely separated rows of apple trees, covered with a myriad of pink buds and pink and white blossoms.

Bathed in brightest sunshine, the clusters of apple blossoms looked radiant, their delicate tints almost sparkled, and the scent was like one in fairyland.

Not a few of the blossoms had been detached by a brisk wind during the night and had been scattered over the thick grass. The luxurious greensward, adorned with pink and white flecks, was more beautiful than any carpet that could be seen in the most richly furnished house in the land.

It was a scene that could inspire hope and joy and love only. The young people felt as if a delightful spell had taken possession of their senses.

Mr. Chadwick forgot that his appearance would not be apt to please a fashionable city girl; he forgot that he wore an old straw hat, a coarse blue flannel shirt without a necktie and a pair of patched trousers, the legs of which were tucked in the tops of rough cowhide boots.

His fair companion forgot that her dress was as fine as the clothes of her friend were poor, and her social advantage had been far superior to his.

She felt as if she were a country lass and that the stalwart and manly farmer was a person to admire.

The talk of the two was pleasant, and so quickly did the time pass that after a conversation that lasted a half hour they supposed they had been talking with each other but 10 minutes.

"Papa has spent lots of money to make our farm look fine," cried the enthusiastic maiden, "but I like your dear old place better, it is so homelike and so natural. There is nothing artificial about it. I am sure a poet would be delighted with it. Perhaps you write poetry, Mr. Chadwick?"

"No, Miss Yoland, I cannot do that. I am a plain man who has worked hard to get a living. Poets are dreamy, I have been told, and I have had no time to dream.

"I myself love the old farm; to me it is the most attractive place in the world; but I am surprised that a young lady who has traveled so much as you have should find it particularly interesting."

"You do not understand me, I fear, Mr. Chadwick. The fact is I have all of my life been surrounded by so much tiresome luxury and have mingled so much in artificial society that it is a positive relief to me and affords me great pleasure to be able at last to live in the country and enjoy its simple pleasures."

"I am glad to hear you talk thus. I imagined that you must already be tired of your quiet life here and would soon return to the city."

"Oh, no. I hope papa will let me remain here all summer."

"I hope so, too, for I can assure you that I consider myself very fortunate in having so agreeable a neighbor as yourself."

The next moment the young man blushed and was silent. It occurred to him that he had too boldly expressed his admiration in the presence of one with whom he had never before held a lengthy conversation.

His embarrassment was relieved when Miss Yoland, in a sincere and unaffected manner, said:

"I am sure we shall be good friends."

As they were about to leave the orchard, Mr. Chadwick picked a few of the choicest blossoms and handed them to her.

"Please take these little favors as reminders of your visit," he said gallantly.

"Thank you; I shall prize them much."

He watched her graceful figure until he could see it no longer and then directed his steps toward a field where two men were planting.

Mr. Chadwick was much superior to the majority of farmers. Although he had had only ordinary school advantages, he had obtained through his own efforts an excellent education.

He had studied and read much during the long winter evenings. Nature had given him a fine and discriminating mind and a disposition that was proud and sensitive.

Although surrounded for the most part by uncultivated persons, he had trained himself to speak grammatically and had had the ambition to fit himself for association with educated people.

He had been adopted when very young by the Mr. Chadwick who formerly owned the farm. The elder Chadwick had been dead two years. The farm had been willed to the young man with the proviso that the old man's widow should have a life interest in it and be well cared for by her foster son.

The foster parents were industrious and possessed plenty of common sense, but were illiterate. That there was gentle blood in the young man's veins was proved by the manner in which he had triumphed over so many obstacles.

He only needed contact with the world and social advantages to become a finished gentleman.

When he first saw Miss Yoland, he knew that he loved her. Her refined beauty and gracious manners charmed him.

In her presence that which was best in him was quickened, and his bearing and address became noble. He could understand and appreciate her, he could adore her, but his heart sank as he realized that circumstances were against him.

Was it not preposterous for a poor, plain farmer to hope to wed this beautiful heiress?

Faithfully had he tried to repress his growing love and to regard Miss Yoland only as a friend. But while he was engaged in his sensible mental struggle she herself did that which defeated all of the progress that he had made.

Her visit to the orchard was fatal to his peace of mind. The manner in which she disparaged the artificialities of fashionable society and expressed her preference for simple life of the country aroused more strongly than ever the delicious hopes that he had tried to put aside.

His mood the next morning was cheerful. He busied himself in his dooryard in order that he might see Miss Yoland when it was time for her to go for the mail.

Dressed in a costly but simple morning costume, she came forth from her home. But when she reached the road she did not look across it. She acted as if she had not seen him, although she must have known that he was in sight.

A lover who is uncertain as to how much he is favored by his mistress is the most suspicious person in the world. Anything that can be construed as a slight is keenly noticed and produces a most disagreeable mental fever.

Chadwick felt angry and disheartened and was rendered unfit to do a good day's work.

The next day while he was coming home from the village he met her face to face. She was seated in a fine carriage drawn by two horses that were guided by a coachman who sat in an elevated box in front.

She greeted Mr. Chadwick only with a slight and cool nod. There could no longer be any doubt as to her intentions. She desired to discourage his acquaintance.

The young man cursed his folly and wished that he had never seen her.

Several days later while Chadwick was planting potatoes it suddenly flashed upon his mind that Miss Yoland's stepfather might have influenced her to assume her unfriendly demeanor.

That gentleman was a New York millionaire. He was a man of great rectitude of character and had shown extraordinary ability in the management of an immense wholesale business, but he was overbearing and aristocratic.

He had but one fad, and that was farming. Although he took much pride in his farm, he was vexed by the fact that the annual expenses connected with it were about $6,000 greater than the income from it.

He did not expect to make money from the farm, but he did think that there ought to be enough income from the sale of its products to cover the running expenses.

During the previous year Chadwick had told one of the neighbors that Mr. Volombard was impractical, that he bought expensive machines that were not needed at all, and that it was laughable to see how little he knew about farming.

The remarks were repeated to the millionaire, who regarded them as an insult. The knowledge that Chadwick could clear $1,500 a year above expenses from the unpretentious common farm also nettled Mr. Volombard.

At the time Chadwick made his unfortunate criticism he had not become acquainted with Miss Yoland. She had never seen the farm until two weeks before she visited the orchard.

The longer Mr. Chadwick thought the more he became confident that the principal blame should be attached to Mr. Volombard.

Nevertheless the young man concluded that the indignity which he had sustained required that he should assume a greater indifference than Miss Yoland had yet manifested.

He resolved that when he next met her he would pretend not to see her at all.

The next meeting took place about a week later. It was in the highway between the farms.

As Miss Yoland approached, Mr. Chadwick noticed that she looked pale and anxious, but as they were about to pass each other he turned his eyes from her.

"Mr. Chadwick."

The tones were low and tremulous, but they reached his ears. He stopped and looked at the fair speaker with an air of dignity.

"I know," she continued, "that you are deeply offended, but perhaps if I tell you I am sorry and make an explanation you will forgive me."

She looked so charmingly contrite that Mr. Chadwick forgave her at once. He assured her that he would be glad to have the painful misunderstanding come to an end.

She then told him that on arriving home after she had left the orchard she gave her father a description of her visit and highly praised Mr. Chadwick's intelligence and agreeable manners.

To her amazement her father flew into a rage and denounced the young farmer as a low bred and presumptuous fellow and commanded her never to converse with him again.

At first she thought she ought to obey her father and treated Mr. Chadwick accordingly, although such a course was repugnant to her feelings.

Later she learned why her father so much disliked Mr. Chadwick, the reason being what the young man had suspected, and she was ashamed of her father because he was not magnanimous.

She was sorry she had been so unkind and resolved to apologize at the first opportunity.

"Your explanation affords me infinite satisfaction," said Mr. Chadwick, "for—for (the beatings of his heart almost choked his utterance) I must tell you that my feelings toward you are warmer than those of a friend. If I might dare hope—but no; it cannot be."

"You frighten me," cried the maiden, in turn becoming confused.

"I am not surprised. I thought I would," the badly embarrassed farmer replied.

At this moment an envelope dropped from Miss Yoland's hand to the ground. Mr. Chadwick stepped forward and picked it up.

It was not sealed, and the lover saw that it contained some faded apple blossoms.

"Can these be the ones I gave you?" he cried.

The maiden's blushing cheek eloquently answered him.

"Then you do care for me?" he exclaimed.

"I think I do a little."

That afternoon Mr. Chadwick told his foster mother that he and Miss Yoland had plighted their troth, but he believed that Mr. Volombard would desperately oppose the match.

"I do not think he will if I tell you a secret and you tell it to him," was the old lady's singular reply.

She then imparted to her son some remarkable information and placed in his hand a bundle of old manuscript that corroborated what she had said.

Trembling from the effects of excitement and joy, he hastened to the home of the millionaire.

"What is your business?" said Mr. Volombard haughtily.

"Please read," replied the young man as he produced the manuscript.

Mr. Volombard read a few minutes and then turned very pale.

"You are"— And he hesitated.

"Your son," said the farmer.

The papers showed that Mr. Chadwick's mother was Mr. Volombard's first wife. The husband and wife had a serious quarrel. She was high spirited and left him.

She wandered into the country, was befriended by old Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, and at their home her child was born. Soon after its birth she died.

Her husband learned of her death, but did not know that a son had been born and survived.

Of course the disclosure of the secret influenced Mr. Volombard to favor rather than to oppose the marriage of the young farmer and Miss Yoland.

The wedding took place the next May at the millionaire's country residence, and the ceremony was performed in a room that was tastefully adorned with apple blossoms.

Mr. Volombard's son and his wife now live in the country most of the year, and the young man manages the two farms, 400 acres in all, in a profitable and sensible manner, his father having ceased to offer any suggestions, and having acknowledged that his son knows a great deal more about farming than he does.—J. A. Bolles in Boston Globe.

The Vagaries of English.

"I'll be back at 11, my love. I give you my word."

"I'd rather you'd keep it, my dear."—Harper's Bazar.

TRAINING MEMORY.

DR. EDWARD PICK'S VERY SIMPLE AND SCIENTIFIC METHODS.

He Is the Pioneer In the Science of Remembering Facts, Persons and Languages by Association and Comparison. Something About the Man.

It was when he was a medical student in the University of Prague that Dr. Edward Pick, because of his own defective memory, gave his attention to the discovery of a practical method of applying psychology to the acquiring of knowledge. His first published work on the subject was called "The Rational Means For Improving the Memory." This book was at once recognized by scholars and educators as the work of one who, having duly considered established facts of consciousness, deducted from them as a logical consequence certain important practical conclusions.

It was in this small book, which he found in the British museum, that Loisette, who wrote "Loisettian Art of Never Forgotting," found all that there was of his system. Dr. Pick laughingly declares that Loisette, or Larrowe, which was his real name, having come upon his first book in the library of the British museum, found it so interesting that he thought he had invented it himself. At that time the book was out of print, and as Loisette pledged all of his pupils not to reveal anything in regard to his plan it was some time before the truth was known.

There never was the least secrecy about Dr. Pick's work or his books. He has evolved and taught his system of psychology precisely like other branches of learning. Indeed for the last 20 years he has been engaged in lecturing on this subject at Oxford, Cambridge, Eton and other great English institutions of learning.

Two simple propositions form the basis of Dr. Pick's system—that the attention should be concentrated on as few ideas as possible at one time, and to force the attention to the ideas in question by comparing them with each other. It is of course obvious that the fewer the ideas of which a person is conscious at one and the same time the stronger and more definite the impression will be, and also that if we scrupulously compare the objects which they represent with each other this definiteness not only becomes more clearly impressed, but no one of these ideas is recalled without bringing others which cohere to it.

In this connection the statement that there is not one but many memories in each mind and that one kind of memory is pre-eminently developed in one person and another in another is interesting. For example, persons having individuality strongly developed receive peculiarly distinct impressions of externals, and therefore of persons, and are able to recognize them readily. Others having locality strongly developed remember even people by the place in which they saw them, and others still there are who have an especial faculty for remembering words and acquiring languages. It is said of Cardinal Mezzofanti, who knew more than 100 different languages, that he was wont to declare that he never forgot a word he once learned.

The relation between these facts in regard to memory and Dr. Pick's proposition is that if we would remember things which do not by virtue of their own intrinsic force produce vivid and strong impressions we must associate them with vivid and strong impressions already in the mind. "This cohesion of ideas," says Dr. Pick, "which is constantly going on in our minds is really not only the basis of all remembrance, but of all intellectual activity. An idea never comes back to the mind of itself, but is recalled by another." Very simple is Dr. Pick's method, especially his use of comparison in the learning of foreign languages, which, according to his plan, is not a laborious effort of memory, but a process of comparison, analysis and reasoning from the beginning to the end. His method of facilitating the remembering of numbers, dates, etc., is a different application of the same principle of comparison and is as sound and easily explained, according to well established psychological laws, as it is simple and effective.

Dr. Pick is a scientist and a scholar, and there is no dissent among learned men as to the fact that there is no man living today who has given to the subject of memory so much analytical and intelligent attention. Professor James of Harvard university says of him: "Dr. Pick does not pretend to possess any magical power. His methods and conclusions are eminently scientific and philosophic. By working in accordance with the best known laws of mind he produces most remarkable results." The principal, or, as he is called, the head master, of the celebrated Uppingham school in England, says, "Had I known as a boy how to work in the manner I now do from having listened to Dr. Pick's instruction I should have mastered and retained 10 times as much knowledge as I now have with a quarter of the labor."

In talking with Dr. Pick it is not easy to believe that he was not endowed by nature with a phenomenal memory, so effortless is his power of recall. This, with fine appreciation, his wit and sense of humor, make him a charming raconteur. In speaking of his 10 years' residence in Paris he told of many pleasant hours spent with poor Alfred de Musset, whose continued devotion to copious libations of beer and brandy mixed on the "half and half" plan caused him to decline all social invitations and in the end brought about his death when he was scarcely 40 years of age.

Dr. Pick says that one of Victor Hugo's idiosyncrasies was never to learn a word of English, and although he had lived on English soil 20 years it was his habit to felicitate himself on the fact that he could not speak a syllable of English. He also says of that great man who was one of the "Forty Immortals" that analytically he knew comparatively very little of the French language, although of course when it came to its use he was master of it.—Chicago Post.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment plans have been selling this watch right along for $33.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the finenese and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $16.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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One of the curiosities of retail business in New York is the system of discounts granted to all sorts of persons and for all sorts of reasons. Nobody has ever discovered the point at which discounts cease in the book trade. Some retail booksellers frankly quote the publisher's price, and beside it the selling price, which is from 15 to 25 per cent less. Those who know the ropes never buy books without claiming the discount. There are special discounts to clergymen, to authors, to artists, to teachers, and generally to what somebody has called the academic classes. After that there are still greater discounts to a few other favored persons. There are men who profess to buy books in small quantities at 40 per cent below publishers' prices.

What is true of books is true of almost everything else that is bought and sold. When the article is a costly one, the discount gets to be absurdly large. The trade in diamonds and jewels, among a peculiar class of dealers, is a thing without bottom. Nobody can tell where the discounts cease, since such things pass from hand to hand at prices governed often by the needs of a temporarily embarrassed seller.

In the piano trade, in which there were recently rumors of a combination, the matter of discounts has become a byword. It is doubtful whether any one ever buys a piano at catalogue price. One firm advertises pianos at from $650 to $1,200, according to quality, but delivers them in New York at from $450 to $800—that is, to the ordinary customer. There is a further reduction of 10 per cent to teachers or to persons buying two or more pianos. One firm advertises the "list" price of square pianos at $1,000; price by installment, $550; price for cash, $500. You may buy a grand piano at any price from $700 to $1,800. But nobody pays the latter price, since the same piano may be had for the asking at $1,200. Upright pianos are catalogued at prices varying from $450 to $1,900, but they may be had for cash at from $275 to $1,045.

A few dealers of well established reputation resist the system of discounts, but all sorts of insidiuous methods of approach are employed, and the price is seldom insisted upon. Some dealers gravely exhibit books showing the record of sales and prices, and protest that there is no departing from rates. These books, however, do not show the fact that in many instances secondhand pianos have been taken in part payment at a high appraisement. When a piano dealer has reached the last ditch and made a defiant stand, the device of demanding a high appraisement on a secondhand piano given in part payment usually fetches him. The receipted bill always shows that the new piano has been placed at the full rate with the usual discount.

The devices of manufacturers with reputations yet to make are almost of a desperate sort. With the slightest encouragement they will place pianos on trial in any respectable looking house or apartment. The unwilling purchaser receives profuse assurances of esteemed consideration and is prayed to be at ease as to the time of full payment. Any reasonable demand as to terms is conceded, and the seller seems so anxious for nothing as to add another debtor to his list.

The result of all this is that no careful person purchases a piano without taking advice. He goes about it solemnly as he would in buying a horse or a house or in taking a wife. When the purchaser's own powers of persuasion have been exhausted, he calls in a music teacher and gets a further reduction or purchases through a friend who has recently bought for himself. Sometimes the music teacher gets a commission all to himself. When the music teacher is not successful in obtaining the most favorable terms, some person in a kindred line of business to that of the piano dealer is invoked, and the purchase is finally made at from $800 to $800 under schedule price.

The opposite phenomenon is observed in the sewing machine trade. Since the original patents expired all sorts of indispensable appliances have been patented, and the manufacturers and dealers in the best machines exact the uttermost penny for these latter. In some instance a device costs 10 times the price at which it can be produced, and all the various appurtenances taken together make up a large percentage of the price at which the machine is sold. Even secondhand machines "complete" are held at stiff rates.

To the trade on some articles of house furnishing there is seemingly no bottom price. Women, who are notoriously the best bargainers, go to wholesale houses and upon one pretext or another obtain discounts that bring prices far below retail prices. Dealers cheerfully send articles miles in the country on trial, take back slightly damaged goods, pack and repack and at length smilingly accept payment with all sorts of discounts. What is true of new furniture is still truer of secondhand and antique articles. In this trade there is no fixed discount, though surface prices are singularly uniform. Whether the shop be in Fifth avenue or in Canal street the prices asked are much the same.—New York Sun.

The Shirking Man.

A shirking man waits until the ground is frozen, then attempts to dig his potatoes, and finally ends by borrowing a bushel of spuds of his neighbor. He complains that his land doesn't yield worth a cent.—Yarmouth Register.

Her Brother Testifies.

Mr. Nicefello (playfully)—What makes your ears so big?

Small Terror—Sis pulls 'em like everything every time I tell on 'er.—Good News.

Dreadful, but True.

A couple of men, gaunt, green and cumbersome and exhibiting traces of "the wayback" and "hayseed" in their makeup, recently entered a restaurant, and, seating themselves at a table over which an electric light had taken the place of the gas jet that had been there when they were last in Boston before, picked up the bill of fare and studied the polyglot information that it afforded to experienced guests.

To these two men it meant little. The first word that they chanced to see was a surprise and puzzle to them. It was "menu," and the elder of the two, reading aloud, asked the younger if he knew what "meenew" tasted like. He did not, and they passed on to a part of the bill that contained such familiar expressions as "mutton chops" and "roast beef." On these dishes they fixed their choice. The senior ordered chops, and the junior asked for beef.

"And," said the latter to the waiter, taking chances and pointing to the line of the bill that read "Lyonnaise potatoes," "give me some of those."

"How will you have your beef?" inquired the waiter.

"Well, friend," replied the countryman, "I guess I'll have it on a plate."

This was too much for the waiter's dignity, and he went to the order slide and shouted:

"Roast beef, and have it on a plate!"

When the chops were brought to the table, the man who had ordered them looked hard at the dish and then at the waiter.

"What's wanting, please?" asked the waiter.

"I wanted a dish of meat, not bones," was the reply.

To this the waiter made no rejoinder, but said, "Anything to drink, gentlemen—tea, spring water or cider?"

"If you've got any," returned the elder man, "we'll have some well water."

When they paid their check, the cashier asked if everything had been satisfactory.

"Well," answered the mentor of the pair, "that meal might suit doods, but we ain't sure, to tell you the honest truth, what we eat, the samples was so small. I guess we'll stick to baked beans hereafter while we are in Boston."—Boston Herald.

Getting Law For Nothing.

"I have been amused," says a lawyer, "to notice how some women contrive to get free points on law.

"In the public law libraries, for instance, that are occupied every day by lawyers, such a scene as this is by no means uncommon. The big door will swing around in a slow, uncertain way, and a woman makes her appearance. She approaches the bright young man at the desk and timidly asks him if he knows where she can find out about the law on some stated point.

"'It's such a small matter,' she explains, 'I didn't want to go to a lawyer.'

"The young man usually knows a good deal of law himself and frequently gets her the book, points out the passage and lets her read it at her leisure. If, however, it is beyond his knowledge of law, he inquires about it from some of the good natured lawyers in the room. Two or three of them will usually listen to the woman's explanation, and the opinion she gets is the combined wisdom and judgment of all of them.

"The woman is very grateful and profusely thanks every one within hearing distance before she slips out rather more self possessed than when she came in.

"Nobody, I'm sure, begrudges her the information he has given her, but I often fancy her brandishing 'advice of counsel' over somebody's head, and having found out what are her legal rights holding to them grimly."—New York Times.

The Dog Would Last.

Since the death of Major General Rufus Ingalls some good war stories have been started about this famous fighter, who was born and raised in Denmark, Me., and his companions in arms. An illustration of the general's quickness at repartee and down east humor is his good natured retort on Grant about the yellow dog. It was in the spring of 1864, just about one year before the fall of Richmond, when General Grant and a group of his officers were seated one evening by the cheerful blaze of a huge campfire.

All at once Grant, who had been absorbed some minutes in meditation, turned quickly to his quartermaster general, and pointing to a yellow dog which had accompanied the latter through many a campaign and now lay at his master's feet, snoozing, jocosely asked, "I say, Ingalls, do you intend taking that dog along with you into Richmond?" "Yes," was the quick response, "for he belongs to a mighty long lived breed." A roar of laughter followed this sally, and the face of the grim commander relaxed into a broad smile.—Lewiston Journal.

The Spell of Scents.

Few material accidents of our lives have the subtle, direct, compelling influence upon us that is exerted by odors. Neither sight nor sound, wonder working as both are, has power to recall an association or create a mood, as has an odor, unnoticed, perhaps oftener than not, at the time, which yet fastens itself past escaping to certain moods and associations and clings forevermore to their garments.—Boston Commonwealth.

Childish Simplicity.

Teacher—If any pupil can answer, let her raise her hand. Well, Mary, you may tell.

"Please, ma'am, I don't know."

"Then why did you raise your hand?"

"I couldn't help it, ma'am. Uncle John gave me this ring last night."—Boston Transcript.

Bound to Follow.

"If you do not stop smoking in office hours you'll get fired, that's all," said Wagg to his bookkeeper.

"Is that quite just to one who does his work faithfully?" asked the scribe.

"Certainly. Where there is so much smoke there must be fire." — Harper's Bazar.

MR. COOPER'S BEAR STORY.

The Low Down Trick That Was Perpetrated by President Arthur.

Every clubman in New York city knows about United States Appraiser Marvelle W. Cooper's famous bear story. Many of them have heard him tell it. But none of them can relate it accurately, and neither can he. He deliberately set to work to forget it a number of years ago, and he says he has succeeded. It's a pity. The boys say that he used to take nearly a whole evening to tell it, and that there was a laugh in nearly every line. Mr. Cooper, with a smile on his jolly face and with his eyes beaming through his glasses, will tell you if you ask him for the bear story that he has made a vow not to tell it again.

It was the plague of his life. Everywhere he went the bear story was called for. At last he went down to Washington with a crowd of well known New Yorkers. The object of the trip was to present some handsome silver oyster forks to President Arthur. After the presentation Arthur sent an invitation to dinner.

"I can't—I won't accept," said Cooper, shuddering at the thought of the bear story.

"But you must. Why, an invitation from the president can't be refused. It's mandatory."

"No, I won't accept," said Cooper. "If I went some of you fellows would be calling for the bear story."

"No, we wouldn't," they protested.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Cooper, "I won't take your word for it, but I'll swear you."

So he got a Bible, and each man took a solemn oath that he wouldn't call for the bear story.

Then Marvelle consented to go to the dinner.

He had a good time and was settling down to an evening of solid enjoyment and smiling as he thought how he had headed off the bear story.

Suddenly President Arthur, at whose right hand he sat, arose and rapped for order.

"Gentlemen," said he, "by virtue of the authority vested in me by the people as president of these United States, I command the Hon. Marvelle W. Cooper to arise and tell his bear story."

Cooper felt for a moment as if the roof had fallen. His friends had kept their pledge by not demanding the story, but had "posted" the president, who thought the joke delicious.

Mr. Cooper related the story in his best style, and then said: "And now, Mr. President and gentlemen, I solemnly declare that no power on earth will ever successfully command or induce me to tell the bear story again. I'll forget it."

Therefore, although nothing would have been more charming than to have revived it in this article, Marvelle W. Cooper's bear story must rest in mystery, like that other famous untold tale of "grouse in the gunroom."—New York World.

How Time Is Reckoned.

The entire world, Russia alone excepted, begins the new year with the first day of January; in that country the year is not ushered in until March 25. This last date was the opening of the new year in England and in America up to within less than 150 years ago. It was in 1751 that the famous Lord Chesterfield secured the passage of a bill which set the beginning of the new year for Jan. 1.

In continental Europe, on the other hand, Jan. 1 has been New Year's day for more than three centuries. In 1582 it was so ordained by Pope Gregory and adopted by all Europe, with the exceptions of England, Sweden and Russia.

Another change besides that of altering the date of the new year was made by Lord Chesterfield's reform. Up to that time the English calendar was 11 days behind that of other foreign countries—that is, when it was June 1 or July 1 in England it was the 12th of the month in continental Europe. By the Chesterfield change the calendar date was advanced 11 days. This change is what brought about the transition from "old style" to "new style" of reckoning.—Philadelphia Press.

Nature Does Not Like Extremes.

There is a disposition among Americans to go to excess in everything they undertake. A generation ago athletic sports were almost unknown, and the wise men predicted the extinction of the American. Now we have swung to the other extreme, and athletic sports are all the rage, especially among college students. It seems that many students are now devoting more attention to the development of muscle than to the accumulation of knowledge. The situation is a perplexing one to the authorities of the colleges, and they are now endeavoring to discover a method whereby students can be persuaded to take exercise moderately.

There is need for action of this sort. Too much athleticism is even more dangerous than too little. There is danger in overtraining of the body. All the noted athletes have either died young or broken down before they reached middle life. Nature does not take kindly to either extreme, physical or intellectual development, and those who press her too far must pay the penalty.—Altoona Tribune.

M. De Lesseps and Arabi Pasha.

When Lord Wolseley was at Ismailia in 1882, he had reason to suppose from information received that M. de Lesseps was in communication with Arabi Pasha. In consequence a close watch was kept upon the movements of le grand Francais with the result that he was detected in the act of telegraphing to the rebel leader advising him to attack the British force at once. If the message had been sent and the advice followed, there can be no doubt that a heavy blow would have been inflicted upon the English force. News of the incident was wired home at the time, but presumably for reasons of international diplomacy was never made public. M. de Lesseps, however, was kept practically under lock and key for some time afterward, and was only allowed to drive out once a day in a carriage under military escort.—Cor. Yorkshire (England) Post.

A Town No Longer.

Lead the average Georgian of modern times out to the banks of the Savannah river, where Broad river empties its waters, and show him the great valley burdened with sprouting wheat; show him the great flock of sheep grazing here and there over those lands at certain seasons, where nothing obtrudes upon the meditation of great nature save the tinkling of the bells and the murmur of the waters of the two rivers as they roll on to the sea, and tell him that on this very spot there was once a town called Petersburg, with regularly laid out streets, with warehouses, stores, churches and all the other evidences of progress and thrift known to the average town away from the railroads of the present day, and he will laugh at the idea immoderately. There is not a single house left of the old town of Petersburg. The streets are green with wheatfields, and there is absolutely nothing to even aid one in the effort to believe that once there was a population away up above the hundreds and into the thousands.

Men live today to tell the story of old Petersburg, though there is not a single building left to mark the place where it used to be. What sounds more ghostly than to hear General Philip Cook, the venerable secretary of state of Georgia, to this day declare that when he was a young man on his way by the old stagecoach to the University of Virginia he went by Petersburg and stopped there for dinner? While it even at that time showed signs of decay and was tottering beneath the touch of time, still it was a town of considerable size, and there were several stores left to characterize it as what had clearly been a notable trading center.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Cat's Devotion.

Ellis R. Smith, the only Republican sheriff Pettis county has had since the war, and the only sheriff that has ever executed a criminal during the criminal history of that county, was relating his experiences as an officer to a party of friends at the Laclede last night. "I witnessed quite a peculiar thing in the jail at Sedalia last year," he remarked. "I had the very unpleasant duty officially removing an old man of the name of Tom Williamson, who had been convicted of a triple murder.

"About two months before the day of the execution, the old man asked me to get him a kitten to raise. I did so. An attachment grew up between the two that was certainly remarkable. If at any time I happened to lock the old man up in a cell without the cat, she would raise such a disturbance that I would have to lock her up with him. They were together day and night.

"When the day of execution rolled around, the cat appeared to be the chief mourner and brought up the rear of the death march to the scaffold. When the trap was sprung, the cat walked back into the jail, and after walking up and down the corridor for an hour pounced upon old man Williamson's cot, where it remained for a week, refusing to eat or drink. About eight days after the execution I determined to remove her. When I attempted to frighten the cat off, I discovered that she was dead. I actually believe she grieved herself to death."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

What Did She Care?

"Why, look at that old woman! I do believe she's going to pick up the cigar that man has just thrown away."

The two fresh faced girls paused in their walk across the common in order to watch the woman. She was a shriveled hag, much bent and shuffling in gait. A dirty apron, gathered in one hand, bulged out with refuse spoils of some sort, and her bonnet itself looked as if it had seen the inside of an ash barrel.

Glancing furtively from side to side, this precious specimen of humanity stooped quickly and picked up the cigar stump. Then she shuffled off.

The girls stood watching her with surprised interest, and they had about made up their minds that none of their friends should smoke any more cigarettes, when they saw a puff of smoke curl up from the woman's head. Another and another little cloud of smoke arose, and then a turn in the walk showed that she had relighted the butt and was enjoying it with entire unconcern as to who might see her.

She did not hear the exclamation of disgust that escaped from the sweet, red lips of the girls, who wondered what her start in life had been.—Boston Herald.

The Difference In Two Words.

Did it ever occur to you to think of the difference in signification of the two words "seems" and "appears?" We say "it seems to be true" or "it appears to be true." Are those expressions identical? Or if there be a difference, what is it?

There is a difference, and it consists chiefly in the strength of the expression. If we read a story and say, 'That story seems to be true," we mean that it has the semblance of truth and we infer that it is true. If we say, "That story appears to be true," we mean that the statements made in it or the incidents related go to show its truth.

In other words, "appears" refers to the actual presentation of something to our view; "seems" refers to an inference of our mind as to the probability of a thing's being true.—Philadelphia Times.

Such Cases Are Serious Sometimes.

Late one evening a doctor received a note from a couple of fellow practitioners, saying:

"Pray step across to the club. We are one short for a game of poker."

"Emily, dear," he then said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a very serious case, for there are two doctors already in attendance."—Texas Siftings.

No Place For a Conscience.

Applicant For Situation (to grocer)—I'm honest, truthful, industrious, and I have a conscience, sir.

Grocer—Have a conscience! Good gracious, young man, you'll never do for this business!—Exchange.

CURED

"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Society Directory.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 496 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 590 W. Erie st.

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Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union-st.

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Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie-st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie-st; M J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3302 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

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Div 33—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3812 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3756 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

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St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Evan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Denis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

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Hunting For an Old Man.

In the biography of Dr. Norman MacLeod there is an amusing account given of a visit he paid to one of the Western islands to see a man who was celebrated in the district for his great age. The doctor found an old man (we can only quote from memory) sitting on a bench outside the house and gave him the usual greeting, "I heard that you were a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." "It'll be my father you want to see," said the old man of the bench. So the visitor went inside, and there, sitting over the peats, was a very old man indeed, bent and doubled up, but still, for all that, with all his wits about him.

"Good day to you," said the good doctor. "I have heard about you, a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." Then he, too, declined the imputation and pointed with his stick to the "ben" of the house. "It'll be my faither you want to see," said this old man of the fireside. So there in the "ben" the original Simon Pure was discovered at last, a very, very ancient old man indeed, as may well be imagined.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Scene In a Maine Town.

One of Caribou's popular young business men was in Buckfield recently with his bride, and when about leaving town, just before the train started, the bride discovered that she had left one of her wraps behind. A messenger was dispatched in haste to bring the garment, and the conductor very kindly held the train. The messenger arrived, and the conductor, impatiently waiting for the couple to enter the car, saw them start on a mission among their many relatives, and then remarked that unless his train started at once he would be obliged to claim a kiss from the bride. The happy young married man heard the remark and hustled his bride on the car, while his relatives and many friends shook their handkerchiefs and hands as the door closed and the train pulled out from the station.—Aroostook (Me.) Republican.

Crow Quills Make the Best Pens.

A quill penmaker says that no pen will do as fine writing as the crow quill. It requires the assistance of a microscope to make a proper pen out of such a quill, but when made it is of wonderful delicacy. The microscopic writing told of in books of literary curiosities was all done with a crow quill. The steel pens of the present have very fine points, but somehow a finer point can be given to a quill than has ever been put on a steel pen, and for delicacy nothing can equal it.—New York Tribune.

An Instinctive Choice.

Uncle (to little Moses, aged 8)—Moses, as a reward for your diligence at school I will buy you a new book. What kind would you like?

Moses—Well, if I may choose, get me a savings bank book.—Exchange.

Its Usefulness Gone.

Mamma—Why don't you play with that clockwork elephant Santa Claus brought you?

Little Dick—It doesn't scare the cat any more.—Good News.

1778. 1893.

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2. Song, "Father O'Flynn".....E. M. Cummings
3. Soprano Solo, "Come Back to Erin".....Miss Maggie L. Duggan
4. Violin Duo.....Messrs. Wm. Looney and James O'Connor
5. Recitation, "Erin's Flag".....Miss Julia O'Callaghan
6. Contralto Solo, "The Dear Little Shamrock".....Miss Nellie T. Cahill
7. Address.....Hon. John Gibbons
8. Song, "Ninety-Eight".....Mr. Robert E. Harty
9. Baritone Solo, "O'Donnell Aboo".....Mr. J. J. Phelan
10. Trio, Harps and Piano.....Misses Teresa Gavin, Mary Rice, Della B. Crysdale
11. Song, "Kathleen Mavourneen".....Miss Eugenia Bayard
12. Reading Address.....Mr. J. J. O'Connell
13. Song, "There Are Just as Good Men Come from Ireland To-Day".....J. Drummey
14. Bagpipe Solo.....Prof. W. R. Murphy
15. Closing Ode, "God Save Ireland".....Owen Ahern

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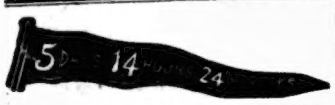

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